JUNE 19, 1934 10c

New Masses

STEEL
Striker's Diary
By JOHN MULLEN

Literary Wars: U.S.S.R.
A REPLY TO MALIGNERS OF THE SOVIETS
By JOSHUA KUNITZ

Southern Hunger Camps
By LOUISE PREECE

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New Masses
QUARTERLY

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—■—

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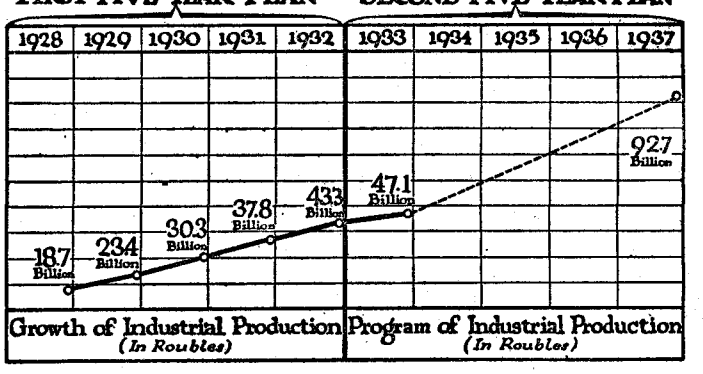

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New Masses

JUNE 19, 1934

THE Krags which did noble service for the United States during the Filipino Insurrection are to be impressed into activity again. This time against Americans: perhaps the very ones that pulled the triggers during those roseate, new-imperialistic days of 1898. There is more civilizing to be done! Those of us with years that predate the New Deal and the New Freedom will recall the soldier ballad with the refrain "Civilize 'em with a Krag." The following obscure news item in the World-Telegram of June 11 is of momentous importance to some 16 million jobless and starving Americans whose veneer of "civilization" is wearing thin:

75,000 Army Rifles Gifts to Citizens; Legion Posts Will Benefit by New Law

> Congress has quietly passed and President Roosevelt has signed a law turning over to private citizens probably 75,000 or more high-powered army rifles, of an obsolete type.
>
> The law converts into gifts the loan of these rifles to American Legion posts for drill-team, burial-squad, parade and similar uses. They are Krag-Jorgensons, 1898 model, the weapon made famous by a Filipino Insurrection soldier ballad which had the refrain "Civilize 'em with a Krag."
>
> Modern gun-slings and cartridge belts were issued with the rifles.
>
> Possibility of the guns being utilized in any domestic or internal violence, such as labor wars, or the like, is discounted here.

What we demand to know, generous Mr. Roosevelt, is this: Who are these 75,000 private citizens getting these rifles? Against whom will those rifles be used? Are you building a private army to feed bullets to the jobless instead of bread? The American Legion has been notoriously used in smashing strikes, in leading lynching forays. We notice the news item states, "Modern gun-slings and cartridge belts were issued with the rifles." Americans! Even your public property is being utilized to shoot you down when you demand bread! The Krags of 1898 can kill the jobless of 1934. Roosevelt is preparing to "civilize you with a Krag!"

"HEY, MR. WEIR! HERE COME THE *LOYAL* MEMBERS OF OUR COMPANY UNION."

Funk

ONE of Roosevelt's latest bits of flumdummery is the National Housing Act—known to initiates as the Renovising Bill. As the headlines featured it, "President Says Program Will Relieve Distress and Raise Living Standards" — but the miserable slum dwellers, the jobless building workers, the architects, the engineers and the technicians are more bewildered than ever. Life is complex enough without trying to understand a President. They remember that last October the Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation also promised to revive the building industry, to clean up the slums and build decent low-rental houses. The P.W.E.H.C. accomplished practically nothing. But can the new bill change the situation: will it provide for housing, slum clearance and jobs? The answer is simple. The "National Housing Act" is an official confession that the Roosevelt Housing Program has failed. The original Housing Program intended, so we were told, to overcome the shortage of living quarters and to give untold numbers of jobs in the process. But property owners and Chambers of Commerce have a logic of their own. With 20 to 30 percent of vacancies on their books, they were not going to tolerate even the inadequate competition involved in the government. The New

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"National Housing Act" is their bill. It is cleverly constructed so that it will do little or nothing. For example, it will not extend loans unless the house in question is a sound investment. This eliminates practically all houses, particularly those of poor farmers and workers. The maximum loan of $2,000 is insufficient to affect slum dwellings; and it provides only for "renovising," not for new construction. The joker clause that no loan will be made in areas which have a "surplus of modern homes" eliminates every remaining possibility because there is simply no section in the U.S.A. where there is not a market surplus of apartments and houses due to doubling up of tenants. Plenty of bricks, walls and plenty of modern plumbing in America—but for millions no homes.

SIDNEY HILL, an American architect who has recently returned from work in the Soviet Union, demonstrates in an article in this issue of THE NEW MASSES, why capitalism cannot solve the housing question. That does not mean that the worker and tenants who need housing and jobs should remain inactive. On the contrary. Movements for housing and jobs are springing up all over the country. The Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, for example, has begun a campaign for housing and public works. It started with a general statement of minimum conditions and principles. Around the statement, as a basis, it is rallying technicians, the building trades workers, even tenants and jobless in demanding local — municipal and state— projects. From these immediate local struggles for better conditions they hope to build a nation-wide campaign to force the Roosevelt administration to give the workers houses, not Bills.

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of the antagonisms engendered by commercial rivalry is found in recent German exposes of Japanese business methods. "Japanese wares," complains the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, "have begun to carry German trademarks to an extent absolutely menacing, particularly during the last year. In certain cases Japanese manufacturers at least take the trouble to change the name on the German trademarks, by means of switching the original letters. All these commercial efforts are bringing disaster to German commerce . . . The forgery of trademarks is only one of the methods em-

Reproduction of two trade-marks on bicycles sold in Chile—one German, one Japanese. Can a Chilean, unfamiliar with German, tell these apart?

ployed by Japan in her onslaught on German and European trade. Just as unscrupulously do the Japanese imitate German patents, German models . . . Just as in politics, so in economics the Japanese stop at nothing so long as they can gain their ends." We desist from the obvious comment about pots and kettles. But the whole thing is farcical. Here we have German and Japanese imperialisms flirting violently with each other while each is trying to pick the other's pocket.

VARIOUS capitalist agencies are busy these days fostering the notion that the armament industry is alone responsible for destructive modern wars. There is a reason for this. The magazine Fortune (which retails at one dollar a copy and finds a resting place on swanky drawing-room tables) has carried a lengthy account of the ghastly profits made by the armament firms, which are represented as fomenting wars. Norman Davis, American Ambassador-at-Large at Geneva, recently denounced the war-mongering munitions makers. Several books have lately been launched by capitalist publishers exposing the nefarious armament makers. Various teachers, lecturers, professors and clergymen are making the welkin ring with denunciations of armament makers, interspersed with calls for governmental control of munition factories and the elimination of profits from arms. What is behind this eagerness to have the armament ring uniquely singled out for blame? Is it not merely an attempt to draw attention away from the established fact that it is the *profit-making machine as a whole* that causes wars. The manufacturer of sewing thread who competes in foreign markets with English, French and Japanese manufacturers is just as much a cause of war as the cannon maker, if not more so, because the making of armaments is clearly the result of a situation that has been created by exporters of goods and capital.

THE current denunciation of the fomenters of war carefully avoids fixing blame on the banks having huge investments in foreign countries, where they compete with other international bankers. The imperialist antagonism between the British Royal Dutch and the American Standard Oil is never mentioned, nor is that between Allied Chemical and Dye, Imperial Chemical Industries and the German Dye Trust. It is capitalist competition for foreign markets between huge national financial and industrial trusts that brings about wars. The international armament ring is a subsidiary cause. It is the attempt of the U. S. Steel to lay down steel rails in South America at prices under those of the German, British, and French steel trusts that causes international friction. It is the fight between English, French, German, Japanese, and French concessionaires for a railway franchise in Argentina that causes the foreign offices to buzz and the war orders to pile up. The armament ring is relatively a minor factor compared with the dangerous international competition between the various capitalist nationals, whether they make armaments, toys, shoes or baby carriages.

THE efficacy of determined mass picketing against starvation is again convincingly demonstrated in the announcement that New York City is to spend $17,500,000 for unemployment relief in the month of June. Indisputably, it was the courageous united front actions of manual and white collar workers during the last week of May which succeeded in breaking that part of the infamous "bankers' " agreement which limited the city's monthly relief grant to $3,000,000. It was this united front which forced the La Guardia administration to reverse its avowed policy of immediate curtailment of relief funds, and to appropriate instead the largest monthly sum ever spent in New York for relief purposes. In spite of this notable victory, new murderous attacks are being prepared against the unemployed. The entire La Guardia administration is now engaged in an "intensive red scare" campaign. The Mayor enjoys the full cooperation of newspaper editors in this campaign. His sheep clothes stripped from him, he howls about "yellow dogs" and "red rioters."

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NEEDLESS to insist, $17,500,000 for unemployment relief in June is still atrociously inadequate. There are more than one million families of unemployed in New York City. Of these about one-third are on the relief rolls. Applications for relief are streaming into the Public Welfare Department at the rate of 1,500 per day. A recent joint report by Commissioner Hodson and Fred I. Daniels of the State Tera significantly points out that many of these applications come from former members of the middle class, now pauperized. While over 33,000 new applications for home relief were received in May, only 5,604 names were added to relief rolls. Many of those "lucky" enough to get on the relief rolls are actually starving because of the extremely niggardly allowances. During the past year, while La Guardia was boasting that no one need go hungry in New York, 139 persons died of hunger, according to the recent Welfare Council report which does not include the large number of deaths brought about by starvation or malnutrition and listed on hospital records as heart disease, pneumonia, etc. Although temporarily thwarted by the united actions of the workers and although relief needs are steadily mounting, the city administration still intends to cut down relief expenditures. La Guardia has stated no relief funds at all will be available after July 1. In true demagogic fashion he has called a conference of "best minds" —mostly bankers—to discuss ways of raising relief funds. The most publicized plan emanating from this conference, one evidently having the administration's backing, provides for a two-cent transit tax, which would place the entire burden of relief on the masses of workers.

THE United Relief and Unemployed Workers' organizations of the city, who were denied representation at the conference by the liberal mayor, have put forward their own plan for raising relief funds. They call for a moratorium on payment of bankers' loans which constitute the heaviest drain on the city's resources, and for the enactment of a 2 percent tax on Wall Street stock exchanges, which would alone provide an estimated sum of $1 million a day toward relief funds. In answer to Mayor La Guardia's open attempt to break their organization, the United Committee of Action on Unemployment and Relief, which has done such effective work until now, is reorganizing its member bodies into a federation with a more solid and permanent basis, the better to fight against the city administration's efforts to starve and club them into silent submission.

FROM coast to coast, from the Texas panhandle to the Dakotas the drought smothers the country under a blanket of smoldering death. Roads in the Northwest are strewn with dead cattle. Out on the plains cattle are so weak from lack of grass and water and from dust pneumonia that farmers have to use shotguns. The wheat fields of Kansas are burned to the ground with farmers plowing up the grain for fodder crops. Conditions of pasture lands farther east are the worst in the history of the country. Fruit in New York has been hit hard, and half the honey bees are dead. Buffalo gnats, cinch bugs, grasshoppers are on the march. Experts talk of a famine. Speculators as always rush to take advantage of "nature." Milk has gone up a cent a quart in Chicago and New York, wheat has shot above the dollar mark. Workers in middle western cities are paying stiffer prices for green and canned vegetables, for meat and flour and milk. Soya beans, which the farmers are hurrying to plant as a strong drought hay crop, have jumped up from $1.50 to $2.25.

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IN the meantime, the government has also been doing its bit. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has been trotting around with a watering can of optimism predicting in Minnesota before rich farmers and business men a record prosperity. Returning to the East, he has not hidden the can under his coat tails where it belongs, but openly predicts a boon in the drought! The drought will teach farmers to store grain during fat years, which they will then be able to sell and use in days of adversity! And his great chief in the White House has come out with a 7-point drought relief program. Though the farmers in only one state like South Dakota have lost more than $200,000,000 because of the drought, Roosevelt provides only a half billion relief. This program is not for the purpose of relieving the masses of farmers, but for relieving the government of some of its difficulties in forcing through the A.A.A. Drought-stricken farmers will be given relief only if they sign up under the A.A.A. to cut their acreage further and slaughter their stock. And not all of these payments will go to the farmers.

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The government, the biggest mortgage holder of cattle in the West, the banks, and insurance companies will grab half of these payments. Whatever little cash relief is provided will be given the farmers only if they do forced labor. In addition, point 6 of this program will be used to drive thousands of the smaller farmers off their lands to work on "subsistence farms." This is enough to show that the government once more is picking the pockets of the workers and small farmers to provide a jack pot to strengthen the position of the rich farmers and business men, capitalism's chief allies in the class war out in the countryside. This is enough to show that Roosevelt's 7-point relief program will prove a 7-point barbed wire on which to catch and mangle the exploited farm masses of the United States. Only in the U.S.S.R. where the farms have been collectivized, has the drought been adequately combatted—by the community in entirety turning out to dig ditches, haul water—defeat nature by Communism.

X Prepares for War

THE United States Steel Corporation—monopoly of monopolies—is known as X on the Stock Exchange. Not because it is an unknown quantity. To the contrary: the graph in Steel's economy is generally the graph of the nation's economy. Steel's every movement, every gesture, is known, weighed, evaluated; a whisper in Steel crashes across the continent. X is no unknown quantity.

X's preparations for the steel strike are common knowledge. Car-loads of gunmen arrive daily in the steel country: the companies store up stocks of provender and munitions. If the steel strike breaks, all indications point to a stubborn, bitter war. Both sides make ready. The steel workers stock up their pathetic cupboards with cans of beans, soup, all the cheap, most filling foods. As for their munitions: they have only organization, unity, militancy to match sawed-off shotguns, poison gas, machine-guns. But the steel proletarians are fighters. Nineteen-nineteen is a historic year for the American proletariat. Nineteen thirty-four bids to duplicate—and even, surpass—that stirring year. In fact, on the eve of the steel strike history busily repeats itself. Almost all basic factors in the steel workers' preparations for the great 1919 strike are present on the scene today.

In 1919: the progressives within the American Federation of Labor, led by William Z. Foster, organized the strike. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand of the nation's key proletariat went to battle.

In 1934: the progressive elements within the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, backed by the militant Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union, drive forward to struggle.

In 1919: the reactionary Gompers machine, ably assisted by Mike Tighe, then also head of the Amalgamated, toiled unweariedly to sabotage strike preparations.

In 1934: Mike Tighe, benefitted by fifteen years' additional sell-out experience, reenacts his Judas role, assisted by William Green, instead of the gone but never-to-be-forgotten Gompers.

On the eve of the gigantic post-war steel strike, President Wilson attempted a last-minute intervention maneuver. He appointed Bernard Baruch, of the House of Morgan, mediator. The present incumbent of the White House again seeks mediators. History in repeating itself occasionally assumes ironic twists —this time Baruch's former office boy, General Hugh S. Johnson, is the master pooh-bah. (The steel workers call him the master bunk artist.) It is his historic assignment to try to crush the steel strike.

In 1919: the newly organized masses of steel workers led by Foster surged ahead for strike, forcing the issue upon the misleaders. Today this militancy has its exact counterpart: again the newly organized steel proletariat drives to force the leadership to call for strike.

But the similarity ends abruptly here. The 1919 steel strike took place despite the Unholy Alliance's machinations. However, for all of Foster's able leadership, the maneuvers, obstructive tactics and terrorism of the government and the Gompers camarilla eventually smashed the strike. Class lines have sharpened during these intervening years. The American working-class has waged many bitter battles since 1919. The economic crisis has driven the basic industrial workers into the depths of poverty. The class-consciousness of the working-class begins to equal the class-consciousness of the master-class. Since 1919 the American proletariat has built its own political party, the Communist Party, whose roots have sunk deep into the many important sections of the steel industry. These are the all-important factors making the present period fundamentally different from that of 1919.

During the great strike, craft unionism predominated in the A. F. of L. unions in steel. Foster succeeded in welding them into a semblance of a unit; the bureaucrats of the various internationals in the strike eventually succeeded in destroying this unity. Today, some thousands of steel workers march under the banner of the Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union, an industrial union whose program is based on the strategy and tactics of the class-struggle. This union is supplying the impetus for unity in the impending strike: this union promises to become the instrument by which the much needed unity and fighting program will be achieved.

To date, the Committee of Ten has proved an obstacle rather than a means for attaining unity and rank and file leadership over the heads of the Tighe-Leanord combination. The committee has wavered and stammered: it has skirted perilously close to downright treachery against the workers who elected it. Only the stormy pressure from the workers back in the mill towns forced the Committee, finally, during its last few days in Washington, to reject Johnson's company union proposals. The special convention of the Amalgamated Association scheduled to convene in Pittsburgh, as we go to press, was called to settle the question. There is not the slightest doubt that the Tighe machine and the government will be ably represented at the convention for the sole purpose of smashing the strike before it begins. X plans its strategy well.

But the rank and file will have the final word.

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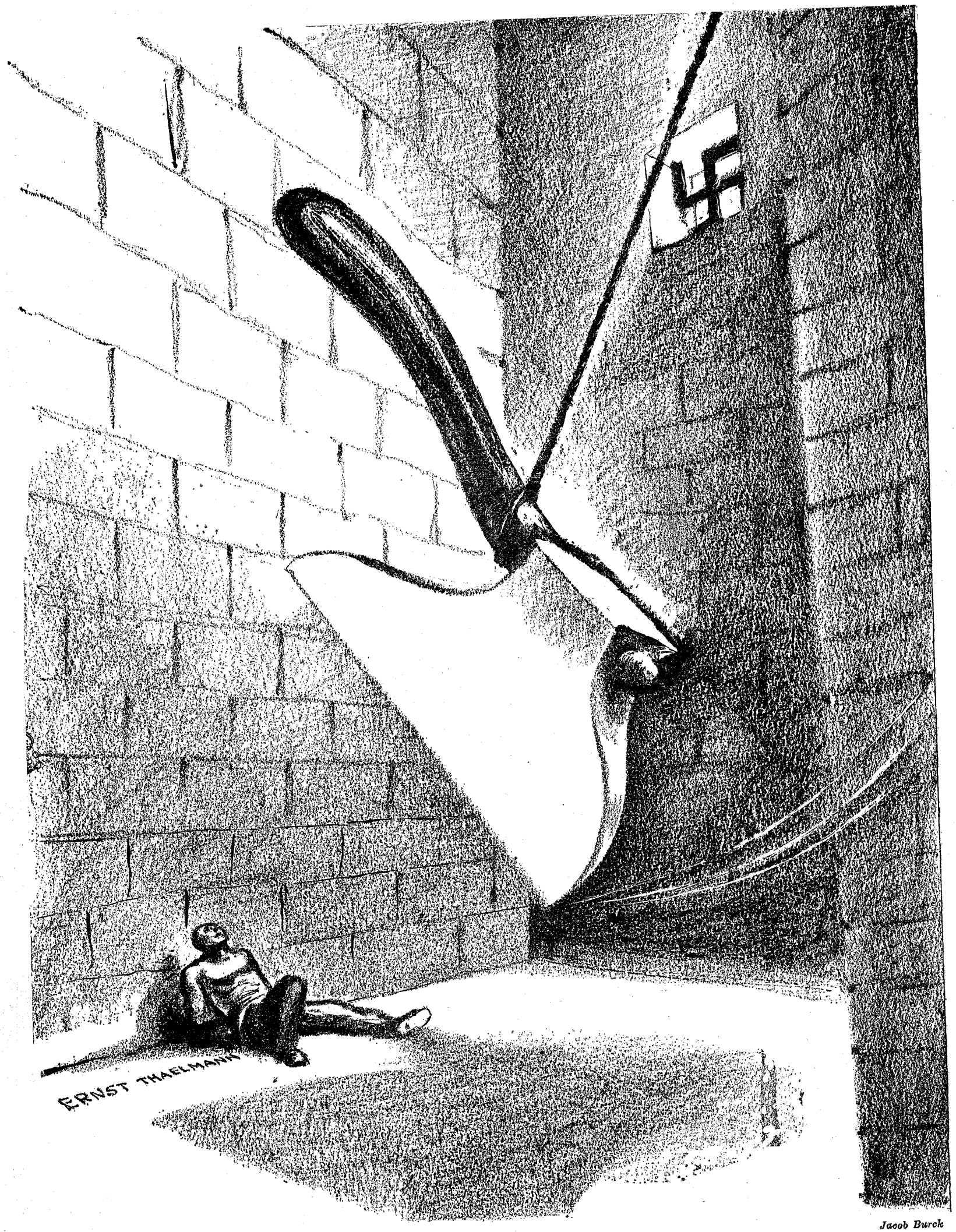

Jacob Burck

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The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY — Bribes often produced certificates for plumbers who failed to pass examination requirements, New York City probe discloses. . . . Harriman denies ever knowing there were falsified records or misapplication of funds in his now defunct bank. . . . Drought is major national disaster, cutting off "large segment of population from livelihood," Roosevelt declares. . . . Treasury offerings of notes and bonds eight times over-subscribed, with about seven billion dollars offered. . . . Steel bosses repeat they will never even discuss giving up their company unions. . . . Walter Duranty predicts major war in near future. . . . Hitlerites in United States, including Ambassador Luther, shown before Washington committee hearing to have taken part in direct Nazi propaganda. . . . More Macaulay Publishing Co. pickets arrested in New York. . . . Shorter work week, more pay asked by hosiery workers in convention at Reading, Pa. . . . Schenley Distillery Corp. reports net profits for first quarter of year of $3,214,338. . . . Two workers of Dow Chemical Company, Detroit, die from mysterious war gas fumes.

Thursday—Macaulay strike is ended, with strikers returning to old jobs. . . . Another delegation goes to German Consulate in New York demanding liberation of Ernst Thaelmann. . . . Weirton Steel Co. fires 116 unionists as strike preparations spread in industry. . . . Nazis drill here in German uniforms and rifles obtained from New York National Guard, Congressional committee testimony shows. . . . Many large corporations in receivership rush to reorganize under helpful new bankruptcy law signed by Roosevelt. . . . Yale will give Roosevelt honorary Doctor of Laws degree. . . . Aaron Sapiro filed bankruptcy proceedings; liabilities $181,000; assets $14,425 (mostly uncollected accounts). . . . James Lechay and his wife found guilty of disorderly conduct at unemployed demonstration at which they were beaten up by cops. . . . 30 day sentence suspended. . . . Raymond Moley, editor of Today, appointed receiver of the St. Regis Hotel, New York, on which Vincent Astor, publisher of Today, foreclosed. . . . House votes for census of "unemployed, employed and occupations" to start in November at cost of $7,540,000.

Friday—Rank and file steel workers at Washington boo Johnson's radio speech insulting them, reject bosses-N.R.A. plan to prevent strike. . . .Smallest wheat crop since 1893 expected this year. . . . Upholding private profit system as a major policy, Roosevelt suggests (may be some time next winter) unemployment and old-age insurance in message to Congress. . . . Congress asks committee to find out if Tugwell is a radical. . . . 1,200 teachers at New York mass meeting protest lack of academic freedom and threats against non-conservative teachers. . . . Daniel Willard, president of the B. & O., predicts confidently railroads will make even more money this year than last. . . . Three-hour strike on New York docks in sympathy with Pacific Coast strikers is held.

Saturday—Roosevelt asks Congress appropriate $525,000,000 for drought relief. . . . Steel workers reject "neutral arbitration" offer of American Steel and Iron Institute. . . . Merchant Filene supports Roosevelt's "social program": "Unemployment relief is profitable for business," he says. . . . Arrested Coney Island striker charges cop beat him, burnt his cheeks with lighted cigarettes, his soles with matches and pulled his hair out in LaGuardian "third degree." . . . N.R.A. price fixing policy well scrambled after four official statements on new policy in three days.

Sunday — Secretary of Agriculture Wallace sees "possible future blessing from drought". . . . Steel production expected to drop to 30 percent in July. . . . Steel workers call convention in Pittsburgh, June 14, to discuss strike. . . . President Cutten of Colgate tells seniors graduating from college into a depression "should prove a blessing". . . . William Green admits Congress has failed to pass single labor measure.

Monday — Tugwell, former dirt farmer, tells Senate committee he's conservative. . . . "Government action" threatened as steel strike sentiment grows. . . . Harvard stirred by report Ernst Hanfstaengl, Hitler's chief of the foreign press section, is en route from Berlin intending to attend class reunion at Harvard next week. . . . American Newspaper Publishers' Association opposes emasculated Wagner Labor Bill because "it would impose unbearable burdens on the employers". . . . Belgium and Czechoslovakia announce they will default on war debts, joining Great Britain in similar action. . . . New York's military Police Commissioner O'Ryan orders his cops to use "all force necessary" at demonstrations. . . . Milk price rises another cent. . . . Slaughter house workers join New York and New Jersey butchers and meat cutters in their strike. . . . N.R.A. drafting a compulsory arbitration bill. . . . Second Darrow report accuses Johnson of "making sinister changes" in retail code after it was supposedly approved. . . . Government estimates 17 million men, women and children were on Federal relief rolls in May. . . . Ku Klux Klan takes active and terroristic part in Alabama State elections. . . . Survey shows New York's $22,500 a year General Sessions judges' work averages 3 hours 35 minutes a day exclusive of Saturdays, Sundays or holidays when they are off.

Tuesday—John Jacob Astor, after apologizing for threats, gets $100,000 diamond ring back from girl he was engaged to last winter. . . . Relief workers in Cleveland demand restoration of 22 percent cut on relief. . . . Washington tells Great Britain war debts may be paid in goods instead of cash. . . . Clarence Darrow, Sinclair Lewis among large group signing demand Ernst Thaelmann be freed. . . . "Our membership is growing, so tide of depression has turned," Rotary International told during "radio meeting". . . . Suit declares Birmingham is bankrupt and asks appointment of receiver for city. . . . New York food prices found highest of any of country's cities. . . . Senate committee approves Tugwell for Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. . . . Roosevelt confers regarding establishment of official agency "to settle labor disputes"—without strikes. . . . On eve of steel workers' convention, Tighe drops all demands except that for recognition. . . . Butchers, meat workers and packing house workers of New York continue strike.

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On the White Collar Front

THERE has been a general pessimism over the possibility of organizing white collar workers, the most unstable and deluded class in our social system. This is giving way to class consciousness and confidence as the expanding influence of the Office Workers Union and the militancy of groups like the Interprofessional Association For Unemployment Insurance become known. In this fifth year of the capitalist breakdown the white collar classes have been stripped of many of their illusions. Their salaries have been cut to the code minimums. Their rise into the upper levels of industry is blocked by millions of jobless professionals who now compete with them for jobs. Their snobbery has worn off; they are no longer scornful of the word "union," though they may still be fearful of taking the first step, as are any workers in the first stages of organization. But that they can become class conscious and militant was spectacularly demonstrated by the Macaulay Company strike which ended in a victory for the strikers after four days of action. This was the first labor trouble in the history of book-publishing. To appreciate its implications it is necessary to know the character of this industry.

First of all, its status in American industry as a whole is insignificant. It can be compared to horse breeding, which has had to stand the shocks of all the advances in transportation and has degenerated into a snob-and-specialty industry. Similarly, the development of the periodical press, motion pictures, radio, and other misused achievements of the industrial era has reduced the range and volume of book publishing to a point where it is, almost like horse breeding, a snob-and-specialty industry. Not so long ago a publisher proposed that book publishing no longer operate as a business, but look for a subsidy like opera and symphony orchestras and other branches of culture. As a consequence, the industry has an aura of gentility which leads to self-deception on the part of many workers in it.

This does not mean that the book industry, in conducting its business, such as it is — and as a sort of scouting and proving ground for the big magazines and the movies it still earns occasional big money—is any more tender toward its workers than other industries. For the most part the gentility ends in the reception room. The majority of the office workers are miserably paid; unpaid overtime work is general. And the psychological distress of the editorial, advertising and publicity workers is to some extent worse than that of their fellow-professionals in the overtly commercial fields — magazines, newspapers and advertising agencies — for in the latter lying is the rule and there is no uncertainty about it; but the professional worker in the book publishing industry must keep himself perpetually half-deceived, must knot himself up in subtle rationalizations, must somehow keep his good judgment, taste, and intellectual honor half alive while perpetually half killing them.

When the magnates of the book trade appeared in Washington in the hearings covering their proposed code, Mr. M. Lincon Schuster, president of the National Association of Book Publishers, made the opening speech. The gist of his remarks, which the other publishers approved of as masterly, was that there were no workers in the industry, only "collaborators," and there never had been, could not be, a labor problem.

The appearance of Laura Carmon, General Secretary of the Office Workers Union, as the representative of publishing house employees was a sensation. *The code authorities had forgotten to invite workers to the hearings affecting their working conditions, the publishers had never dreamed of inviting their "collaborators."* Miss Carmon startled all present by declaring that the publishing industry, like all other capitalist industries, has its labor problem. She referred specifically to the Macaulay Company and The Viking Press.

At that time workers of the Macaulay Company had presented six demands for improved working conditions, most of which had been but grudgingly granted. The atmosphere in the office, however, was tense; retaliatory action was expected. The employer used the following two weeks to intimidate individuals and underwrite the unity of the workers. All but one of the employees had signed the first group of demands. In the interval there were a few defections. The employers rejoiced.

They miscalculated. When they introduced an office manager and on the same day fired Dorothy Rimmer, the worker who had acted as the union organizer, they met with resistance. A meeting called that night brought together a majority of the workers. This happened on Friday, June 1. On the following Monday the workers presented demands for reinstatement of Miss Rimmer, the recognition of their Union and a discussion with the shop committee to clear up the status and function of the office manager. The petition paper was scarcely given a glance by the president, L. S. Furman; the demands were rejected and the workers struck.

THE NEW MASSES gave its rooms to the strikers as picketing headquarters; turned over its office facilities to the strike committee; its workers and editors went on the picket line.

At first the workers were hesitant. Some of them were afraid to picket. But they were encouraged by the expression of solidarity from the workers who flocked to the picket line—employees of other publishers, bookstores, office workers sent by the Union, members of the John Reed Club, of THE NEW MASSES staff, of the cast of *Stevedore,* of *Men in White,* and sympathizers including such writers as John L. Spivak, Dashiell Hammett, Morley Callaghan, Matthew Josephson, Malcolm Cowley, Tess Slesinger, Edward Dahlberg, William Rollins, Nathan Asch, and others. From hesitating to picket the first day, they advanced to such a pitch of militancy that on Thursday they defied the cops and were arrested.

Throughout, the distinctive feature of the strike was the solidarity of the office workers and the editorial and publicity workers. It baffled the employers. The two editors of the firm, Susan Jenkins and Frances Ellis, and the publicity man, Isidor Schneider, went out with them and went to jail with them. Furthermore, an increasing number of Macaulay authors, announcing that they considered themselves workers along with the regular Macaulay employees, joined the strike by withdrawing their books until the strike was settled. The authors on the picket line speaking to reporters, repeatedly stated that their interests lay with those of the workers. Thus the successful Macaulay strike was a victory not only for unionization in a white collar industry, but for the identity of interest between intellectual workers and all other workers.

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Diary Notes from a Steel Strike

JOHN MULLEN

AMBRIDGE, PA., 1933.

THERE are four of us organizers sitting in the back office of our strike headquarters. Last night there was a stiff fight on the Spang-Chalfont picket line —and a few little clashes with strike-breakers around the other four steel mills on strike. Now we have come back to our office to talk over the next move.

Five minutes later comes a knock at the office door. We had told the strikers out in the hall not to disturb us unless it was for something important.

"Burgess Caul and a flock of his gunmen are out here . . . want to see Jimmy Egan," announces the striker who had interrupted us.

"Bring him in, but tell him to leave his thugs outside!" Jimmy replies.

Well, in walks his honor, Mr. Phil Caul, burgess of the steel town of Ambridge. He wastes no time in getting down to the point. Looking us all over with a hard stare, he says: "It's now two o'clock." We wonder what he's driving at. Jimmy looks at his watch and says to the burgess: "Right on the stroke of the gong, but what's that got to do with us, Caul?"

"Just this," snaps Caul. "We'll give you exactly one hour to get your pickets away from 'round those mills!"

"Who's *we?*" I ask Caul.

"The law abidin' element in this here community!" announces his honor. "You've just about been runnin' this town the last few days . . . it's gotta stop!"

Jimmy looks at me as if to say: there'll be hell popping soon! and then he says to Caul: "Well, Caul, if you think you're talking to a bunch of American Federation of Labor organizers, somebody's given you a bum steer! Our pickets are striking for higher wages . . . union recognition. They will continue picketing!"

I can see the hate burning in Caul's eyes as he watches Jimmy saying this. He's a mean-looking man and just as mean as he looks. A man's got to be a rat to be burgess in a steel town controlled by the U.S. Steel Corporation.

When running for re-election, Caul always boasted to the steel workers that he has been a member of the plasterers' union of the A.F. of L. for 25 years. He still carries his union card. But so do a lot of other gunmen among the leaders of the American Federation of Labor.

"Is that final?" says the burgess, looking at the other organizers. We all nod without answering. Then he turns on his heel and stalks right out of the office.

Jimmy turns to me and says: "We're in for some real hell on those picket lines . . . let's get movin'!"

The striker who knocked before comes in again. "Somebody says there's a phone call for Egan at the corner store."

I tell Jimmy: "Answer it and hurry back, then we'll get out of here and down to the lines."

Jimmy left. That was the last I've seen of him since that day. He no sooner stepped out of the hall, when a carload of county dicks swept up and grabbed him. They were gone before any of the strikers could make a move. They came rushing into the hall, shouting: "They got Jimmy—a carload of them! They got Jimmy!" and then they told me about it.

That was a blow to us. Jimmy was the outstanding leader of the strike. He had come into town, sent by our union only six weeks before with the instructions: organize every mill in Ambridge! In a month and a half, he'd organized and struck five of the six steel mills. The workers looked to Jimmy almost with reverence. This snatching him right out of the strike at the most critical moment hit us hard.

I turned to Heinzman, Kalar and Cliff, the local organizers left with me. I said to the third: "Get to the picket lines as fast as you can, warn them, and then report to us at the emergency headquarters!" Cliff ran out.

Then we three started over to our emergency headquarters, which we had prepared for just such a crisis as this. It was the house of J———, right around the corner from the Spang-Chalfont picket line. Only four of us knew of it.

We were there a few minutes later. I began to tell the boys with me what to do in case of a bad attack and in case I was arrested or something.

Suddenly the door flung open and Franky almost staggered into the room. He was white with excitement: "Hurry," he yells at us. "All hell's breaking loose up at the first picket line. There's hundreds of armed thugs attacking and comin' right down Duss Avenue. Our lines are breaking up under it."

As he was saying this, I heard the first sounds of the battle. The other boys heard it too. One shot—another—long wailing screams away off.

We jumped up and made for the door. No time now for instructions. As we ran, I told Heinzman and Cliff to get over to the big Spang picket lines and get them ready. Kalar and I headed for Duss Avenue. As we crossed the lots, we could hear the growing roar of the fight. Masses of pickets, staggered by the murderous onslaught of the thugs, were reeling back. Some were dropping in their tracks. I couldn't tell whether it was from gas or bullets.

Then we got right into Duss Avenue. There was no chance for organizing the fight now. It was just a bedlam of screams, shots and rolling clouds of gas.

We were being backed with the crowd toward the Spang lines. I jumped up on a barrel or something, I forget now what it was —I looked up and down the avenue. A sickening sight lay ahead of me. Spread across the width of the street were the marching thugs. In the front steel-helmeted deputies, and the man on each corner armed with submachine-guns. The others in between had shotguns and rifles. The men with the machine-guns were crouched over, coming forward and letting go short blasts every few steps. The shotguns blazed away, the rifles were making funny little clipping sounds. The air was buzzing over our heads with the slugs from the guns. In back of the first row of the steel helmets were at least three or four hundred more thugs, hurling gas bombs over the heads of the leaders, firing automatics and yelling like maniacs. Strikers who dropped wounded in the face of this attack were being ruthlessly clubbed by deputies leaping out of the march to "mop up," as the papers put it later.

Our pickets were fighting back with an almost unbelievable militancy in the face of this slaughter. Bricks were flying through the air and finding their mark. More than one thug reeled and staggered out of march.

But the thugs came on. We had only one chance: if we could only hold our ranks at the big Spang-Chalfont lines and break up the march by a smashing charge.

We ran back to the Spang lines. Everywhere along the avenue men and women were rolling barrels out into the streets. Some were frantically trying to dig up blocks of sidewalk cement to erect barricades. Others were turning parked cars over and swinging them around. Here and there, women in the workers' houses along the street were hurling chairs, mattresses and the most surprising things out the windows; anything that could be thrown or used as a barricade.

As we ran up to the Spang lines, Frank Cliff was speaking from the top of an auto to the several thousand strikers waiting there for the oncoming murder march.

"If we go down, we'll go down fighting. Get the women outa here!" he was yelling. One big steel worker's wife, armed with a potato masher filled with lead, screamed back: "We won't go. We stay here and fight!" The other women shouted back agreement. Across the street, Heinzman was speaking. We couldn't hear him above the noise. Then I saw him sway and fall over into the hands of the strikers nearest him. He'd been hit by shotgun slugs.

In another minute, the thugs were on us. First came a series of dull "plops" and then

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a wave of gas. I thought it was crying gas but the first whiff—it was like being hit in the stomach with a brick. Vomiting gas! The front ranks of our strikers crumpled and went down retching, twisting in agony. Then our pickets charged. It was just slaughter. They fell by the dozens. The thugs cut loose with their guns and the screams of the wounded rose above the smashing bedlam.

They drove our ranks back time and again. Each time a dozen more of our boys dropped. Some of the pickets tried to pick up the wounded, but most of them ended by being stretched out with those already vomiting and bleeding on the ground.

From then on it was chaos. But it took forty-five minutes to break our lines. Some of the pickets were so enraged that they were crying as they ran in retreat. One of them bawling with fury, collared me as we backed up and shouted: "The right to organize! The Blue Eagle! Oh them bastards!" As if I didn't know what he was trying to tell me!

GREENSBURG, PA.

I see some queer things happen during strikes. Just little things, but interesting.

Today, about two o'clock, walking around the picket line at the foundry, I find things are kind of slow. Most of the pickets are sitting around out of the hot sun; some playing cards and others just talking in little bunches. The State Police are up in their barracks about a mile from the foundry—I guess it's too hot even for them today.

Jimmy Romola and I are walking slowly, returning the smiling nods of the pickets as we pass them and as we come to the east side of the plant, the side that faces the highway, Jimmy says:

"Here's the department I worked in before the strike," and he points to a row of wire-meshed windows, all blackened from the inside by the heat and dust. We walk over to the windows and start looking for a crack or something to see through to the inside. Jimmy is anxious to see what his department looks like after being idle through the strike for over a month. As we try to find a peephole, he says:

"I bet it'll look funny, with the sand blowers just sittin' there and not kickin' up that racket; with the place all quiet and no heavy dust flying around like it used to."

A. Sopher

Pretty soon I find a spot on a window through which I can get a fairly good view of the inside. I say to Jimmy:

"Here—you'd better look instead of me. I can't make much out—it's kind of dark in there."

Jimmy looks. He seems anxious to see the old place he used to work in, even though he did strike along with everybody else against the fierce conditions. But I know how he feels. You sometimes get to like certain shops—that is, you get to like some of the smells, some of the machines and some of the noises, even though you hate the bosses' guts and often cuss the whole company.

Jimmy takes my peephole, squints through it for a minute until he gets used to the dark inside and then begins to sort of talk to himself.

"Yeah—there's my shakin' machine. Yep, that's it, and it looks funny as hell standing there dumb like instead of bangin' and raisin' a fuss." He keeps on looking, discovering machines, benches and so on as if he were running into a bunch of acquaintances he hadn't seen for years. He keeps looking, chuckles once in a while, clucks his tongue, having a good time.

"They're standing there—all of them—just as helpless as the company. Jesus, we got some power, us workers, when we make up our mind to use it!"

All of a sudden he presses his nose harder against the glass through the mesh and lets out a low whistle. I get excited and say—what is it? For a minute I think he sees somebody in the plant—maybe even some scabs—and am wondering how the devil they got in. Our pickets have kept this plant closed tighter than a new rivet on a tank-plate.

Jimmy straightens up and says to me:

"Take a peek in there, as far over to the left as you can see." I do and then he says:

"Now look on the ground floor all around those pits and moulds—what do you see?" I look, but it's pretty dark over on that side and I can't make things out for a minute. But soon I begin to see that the floor is covered with a whole lot of little dirty gray bumps in clusters. I look closer and then it begins to dawn on me.

The whole foundry floor is lousy with mushrooms, growing in the damp, blue-black dirt! Jimmy looks again to make sure and then starts to laugh until tears run down his face.

He runs off to tell the pickets and they start coming. You'd think the way they fought to get at that little peephole in the foundry window that there was a naked woman in there posing. They laugh, slap each other on the back and some go back to take a second look.

Some company stool must have got alarmed and tipped off the police, as a squad car soon drives up and the cops start shoving us away from the windows. They didn't shove long. One of our boys, a big pit man, shoved back at a cop and for a second it looks like a battle. But more pickets are coming up, thinking there's trouble, and the cops decide they ought to go home and eat or something. Anyway, they left after warning us not to destroy any property.

GREENSBURG, PA.

Twelve hundred men and women on strike here. You get to know people better during a strike than at any other time. When we first struck, it was just twelve hundred workers—we against the company in a showdown. In a long drawn out fight, when things get tougher every day, and a can of beans begins to look like a banquet, when relief starts running low, the best in the crowd come to the front. Take our strike committee chairman, John Hatfield, for instance. Who would ever think, say the day before the strike, that he was a leader and a fighter? that soon the whole local would look up to him as they do now, a month later?

Then there's such a comrade as Donati, who was often called a "wop" by the high-skilled American workers of the plant before the strike. When Donati walks down the picket lines now they all smile and greet him respectfully. We all know now he's got iron in his blood. There's many more, like Mike Zaloste, Mary Evans and so on. All of these strikers have now become local leaders.

But in every strike I've been in there are always those men and women who kind of stand back; fighters whose names you may never hear mentioned and who have very little to say. But they are the solid rock on which the whole strike is anchored, especially when the going gets rough.

I met one today. I didn't get his name so

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I'll just put him in the diary as the Picket on No. 8. I'll never forget him.

I was walking around the far side of the plant to No. 8 where it is the lonesomest by day and the coldest by night. It's a single track freight entrance to the plant. As I walked toward No. 8 I saw a tall rusty-mustached worker of about fifty standing there, sort of stooped over in a slouch. Suddenly I realized that every damned time I passed No. 8, morning or night, I always saw him there. Other pickets come and go and get their captains to shift them around to other posts, but this worker is always there. And I've passed No. 8 many times these last four weeks.

I walked up to him. He smiled and nodded, as if politely asking me to have a chair in his house, or something. He asked me the usual question—how things looked for our strike—and I told him we thought from all reports in the strike committee this morning that the company couldn't hold out much longer.

I could tell by the droop of his right shoulder that he had been a core-maker for many years; his fingers were bent and calloused. I said to him:

"Don't you ever get relieved? I see you here every time I pass. Come to think of it, I saw you here the night of the storm, too."

He tilted his worn felt hat back and his hair is the same rusty color as his mustache, only streaked with gray.

"Yes," he said. "I been here pretty steady since the walkout. I like it here kind of—and then it's best that somebody is always at this post—they might try and move a car in or out."

"When do you go home?" I asked him. "Got a family?"

"Just me and the old woman. I ain't been home much, but she don't mind. You see, brother, I've got to win—I mean *we've* got to win this strike. It means a little more to me than the rest of the boys."

"Yes," I replied, "we've got to win. But it means everything to all of us."

"I'm getting to be an old man," he answered. "For nigh on to thirty-two years come this September I worked in this plant. If we lose, I'm too old to move to other parts. I'm not so young any more."

Suddenly I see what he means. I'm just a kid compared to him. I haven't put thirty-two years in the dust of a foundry. I've been blacklisted—then pulled out and got another job.

I intended to go home and get some sleep last night before I talked with the Picket on No. 8. I'm tired these days. But somehow I didn't just get around to going home.

A Challenge to a Misleader

An Open Letter on Toledo to A. J. Muste

DETROIT.

IN THE June 6 issue of The Nation you have an article on the Toledo strike. In the same number of The New Republic there is an editorial on the strike. The New Republic states its editorial is based on a report "derived from the personal observation of a reliable informant." The facts and interpretation presented in your article and in The New Republic editorial tally almost 100 percent. This may be only a coincidence. And then again, one is entitled to a guess as to the identity of The New Republic's "reliable informant."

You and I were both in Toledo at about the same time. We saw approximately the same things. Perhaps I got a somewhat more intimate view of the scene since I had the advantage of being marched at the point of a bayonet with about thirty others to military headquarters. We were both in the courtroom on Monday, May 28, when Louis Budenz—and others—came up for trial on a charge of violating the injunction against mass picketing. You wrote an article for The Nation, I for THE NEW MASSES, and by coincidence we wrote them the same day, May 27, at a time when the situation in Toledo was still at its height.

It is the difference in these two articles, the difference both in facts and interpretation, that prompts me to write this letter.

First, as to facts. You deal with the first Electric Auto-Lite strike which I, for lack of space, had to omit. You write:

"In February the union demanded from the employers recognition, a 10 percent wage increase, and the establishment of a seniority system. There was a five-day strike at the end of February and the beginning of March. It ended when an immediate 5 percent increase was given in addition to the promise that by April 1 a contract with the union would be negotiated."

The New Republic tells substantially the same story, adding that "shop committees were recognized" and saying what is implicit in your account, that "early in March the company *capitulated.*" (Emphasis mine—A.B.M.)

If what you and The New Republic say is true, it becomes a mystery why the second Auto-Lite strike took place at all. The workers won a victory, even their shop committees were recognized (which in practice amounts to union recognition)—but lo and behold, a few weeks later they are induced to go out again and fight bitterly for weeks merely in order to get the company to sign a contract with the union!

There are important misstatements and omissions in your and The New Republic's account. Permit me to correct and complete the picture.

The workers of the Electric Auto-Lite and three other plants, which were involved in the first strike, demanded an increase in wages from the minimum of *40 cents to 65 cents.* Is this 10 percent, Mr. Muste?

Let me remind you that no less than William Collins, national organizer in the auto industry of the American Federation of Labor, pleaded with the strikers to lower their demand to *20 percent.*

Let me remind you also that when the strike ended February 28, the workers voted to accept the very settlement that two days before they had overwhelmingly rejected. This they did as a result of the unparalleled demagogy of Mr. Thomas Ramsey, business agent of the A. F. of L., United Automotive Workers Union, the very Mr. Ramsey whom you and others of your American Workers Party and Unemployed League have been hobnobbing with in Toledo. Mr. Ramsey was ably assisted by the sub-Regional Labor Board, which was compelled, however, because of the militancy of the strikers, to remain somewhat in the background.

Ramsey put just three questions to the strikers at that Feb. 28 meeting. They were:

1. Who has confidence in the American government?
2. Who has confidence in President Roosevelt?
3. Who has confidence in the leaders of your union?

The strike was over.

The workers got, instead of the over 50 percent increase that they had demanded, 5 percent—2 cents an hour. They got the kind of shop committee recognition that did not prevent the Electric Auto-Lite Co. from establishing a company union and refusing to deal with the workers. And they got a promise.

Are you really unaware of these facts, Mr. Muste? If you are, you have no business writing on the Toledo situation or presuming to give leadership to the Toledo workers. If you are not, *why have you concealed them?*

There are other significant omissions in your article. Both you and the New Republic give the impression that the American Workers Party and the Unemployed League, which the A.W.P. controls, were leading all the opposition in Toledo. And The New Republic speaks of "the dramatic defiance of the injunction by the American Workers Party." You

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know quite well that the American Workers Party exists only on paper in Toledo and as for the Unemployed League, it is not much more than a handful there and is numerically weaker than the Unemployment Council, which includes Communists in its leadership. I do not deny that the Unemployed League has been a factor in smashing the injunction, but was it an oversight that made you fail to mention the fact that it was the Unemployment Council that brought hundreds of workers on the picket line to do the smashing? Was it an oversight that made you fail to mention that among the defendants on charges of violating the injunction were members of the Unemployment Council and Communists?

You will recall that in my report of the trial, published in the Daily Worker (May 29), I, writing for one of those prejudiced, intolerant Communist papers, did not resort to the tactics of suppression that you employ. I did mention that Budenz of the A.W.P. and Sam Pollock of the Unemployed League were among the defendants and even gave the gist of their testimony, though I admit I did not play up Budenz in the prima donna style that you and he would have liked.

Even more significant is your silence on the rôle of the A. F. of L. leaders in Toledo. This is quite understandable since you and your people were hand in glove with them, fraternizing with Ramsey, Myers and the rest. Evidently you were proceeding on the profound theory enunciated by you in your article in the May 1 issue of your organ, Labor Action, of allowing the reformist leaders to "expose themselves."

Here is how you allow the A. F. of L. leaders to "expose themselves." I quote from your article:

"Myers (of the Electrical Workers Union, who was moving heaven and earth to prevent the Toledo Edison workers from striking—A.B.M.) is a highly intelligent, fighting industrial unionist who says he is out to organize all the Edison employees, 'the power plants too'."

This is the same "fighting industrial unionist" who on May 31 told a meeting of the Toledo Edison workers: "Coates (president of the company) is my old friend, and it is to your advantage to wait. You can get more than a wage increase. In fairness to yourselves and to your city, wait for Coates."

And here is more "self-exposure" from the same article:

"The Automotive Workers Union is on the job and announces that it will never give up the fight until the militia is out and the union recognized."

It is too bad that before Ramsey finally put over his sell-out, achieving recognition — for the scabs—he didn't consult you, Mr. Muste. But after all, when a dog decides to wag, he generally doesn't consult his tail.

In the interview I had with you on Monday, May 28, I asked you what you thought of Heywood Broun's strikebreaking column in the Toledo News-Bee which, by one of those embarrassing coincidences, was published the very day he appeared as one of the speakers at your mass meeting on Courthouse Square. You told me you had "laced it into him." I asked you whether you would *publicly* criticize Broun. You said you would.

You have held several meetings in Toledo since then. *Please state the place, date and hour that you have publicly criticized Broun.*

I also told you that Ramsey, in an interview with me, had refused to take a stand either for or against the general strike (you expressed surprise—why surprise?) and that he had told me the federal mediator, Taft, had been "very helpful." I asked you whether you would criticize Ramsey for praising Taft; you said you would when you saw him. I asked whether you would do so *publicly*. You stated you would do that, too.

You have held several meetings in Toledo since then. *Please state the place, date and hour that you have publicly criticized Ramsey.*

In your article in The Nation you said a few words of mild criticism of the N.R.A. You said nothing about the whole murderous program of the New Deal that was being written in the blood of the Toledo working-class. But you praised the police!

You united with the corrupt A.F. of L. bureaucrats, but rejected the united front offers of militant organizations. You talked general strike, even "immediate" general strike, but did nothing to prepare it—you were waiting for the A.F. of L. leaders to do that or, rather, since I don't want to insult your intelligence, you were waiting for them to smash the general strike movement. They did.

In every respect you and your group, together with its Trotskyite brain trust, have been the tail to the A.F. of L. bureaucracy. Your article in The Nation proves it, your actions in Toledo prove it. But while you were shielding with radical talk the treacherous maneuvers of the "fighting industrial unionists," the Ramseys and Myers', we, the Communists and other class-conscious workers, went ahead and organized the most militant elements among the strikers into a fighting opposition. And you can take my word for it, Mr. Muste, this opposition is going to cause Ramsey and the bosses more than one sleepless night.

The issue is clear: militant unionism versus A.F. of L. policies. Disguise them how you will, scent them with your most "radical" perfumes, your policies remain what they are: the policies of the capitalist class within the labor movement.

Which kind of unionism will win better conditions for the American workers?

Which kind of unionism will help to destroy capitalism and establish the rule of the workers?

And who represents the greater danger (potentially) to the American working-class; the openly reactionary Greens and Wolls, or the concealed, "radical," pious A. J. Mustes?

A. B. MAGIL.

Right Things to Write

IN THE June, 1934, issue of the Writers Digest, a "successful" writer of fiction in the "better known magazines" gives a series of don'ts to writers reaching for the American public.

These taboos are what authors are cautioned to observe for good practical reasons. We reproduce the following sections verbatim.

"Don't encourage freedom between the sexes.

"Don't permit any fiction story to carry the moral that the institution of marriage is anything but excellent.

"Don't offend anyone's religion. Only pagans may be disparaged. . . .

"Don't offend anyone's race—only Mexicans, Chinese, Turks, and savages. Since we recognize Russia, magazines are not classing Russians as barbarians as of 1930.

"If there is a controversial question dominant, don't take sides.

"Don't encourage in a fiction story, the idea that capitalism is no good or that the U.S.A. should add another S to its name. The people who have the most to lose if our American system is junked are your employers if they buy your story. As such they are not interested in publishing a story that will lead readers to believe that revolution is sane.

Macfadden Publications actually put out a book called *The Public State of Mind* in which they show prospective advertisers how True Story, by its editorial policy tends to lull any social questioning ideas on the part of its readers.

"Don't use stories based on inter-marriage between black and white. Likewise on the Coast where the Chinese have undermined many small tradesmen there is a hatred of white and yellow inter-marriage.

"Don't speak disparagingly of business. You can't kid an institution that signs your check, and even if you could too many readers would shriek 'red' at the editor. You have got to be 'regular.'

"Don't make anyone discontented with his economic position. Don't agitate to make cow-like people see themselves for what they are. Discontent and clear vision breed revolt.

"Don't regard mothers in any other way except as the National Association of Retail Florists would have you do.

"And last, never infer that opportunity does not exist in these United States. Everything that is sold from correspondence courses in writing to cosmetics is based on the idea of opportunity to better oneself. You can't buck the business office."

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Housing in Two Worlds

SIDNEY HILL

PUBLIC WORKS as a solution for crises and depressions has long been a favorite theory with economists and governments. In 1933, the Roosevelt Administration, with a great deal of publicity, embarked on a public works program through the agency of the Public Works Administration. We were told that this was the "missing link" to recovery. The unemployed would be put back to work; industry, especially construction, would be revived; and the pump of business, primed by public funds, would again begin to function in the grand old style.

As part of this P.W.A. program which was to include socially useful projects of all varieties, there was created the Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation. The Administration, through the newspapers, the periodicals, and the radio promised us that in addition to providing work, it would at last be possible to clear the notorious slums and construct "low-cost" housing for those workers who in the past have been unable to afford decent houses.

We know today that from the point of view of benefit to the employed and unemployed workers of the country the P.W.A. has failed. It is now eight months since the Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation was inaugurated but practically nothing has been accomplished. Of the 125 million, a pitifully inadequate 3 percent of the total P.W.A. appropriation, which was set aside for use by the Emergency Housing Corporation only about 25 million has actually been put into housing projects to date. There is certainly something strange in such a situation. On the one hand is the widely admitted need for the housing and the employment involved in its construction, and on the other, the apparent unwillingness or inability on the part of the Administration to do much about it.

In contrast to this unfortunate condition we see that the Soviet Union is really willing and quite able to do a good deal about it. For the purpose of better understanding the reasons for the failure of the P.W.E.H.C., let us examine the housing situation in the two countries.

The question of housing in the United States and the Soviet Union can be approached in several ways.

We know, for example, that in 1917 the Bolsheviks inherited the worst possible housing conditions. Over 80 percent of the entire population lived in small villages, usually in one-room houses which sheltered the whole family and perhaps some pigs and chickens besides.

In the cities, conditions were not much better. Common habitations for workers were long one-story barracks containing large numbers of cots. In small shops, the worker usually slept on his bench. Sanitary facilities in Czarist Russia were either non-existent or of a most elementary character. Even the homes of the well-to-do were sadly lacking in this respect.

But we also know from recent surveys in the United States that our own housing conditions are nothing to be proud of. What can we say for ourselves when a survey in 1931 revealed that 7½ million families live in homes which have neither gas nor electricity? The magazine Fortune claimed in 1932 that more than one-half the homes in America were below minimum standards of health and decency. And who has not read of the slum conditions of New York where the lowest estimates claim almost a million people living in old law "fire-trap" tenements?

We can also approach the question from the point of view of distribution. We could show that the United States has a greater quantity of modern housing than the Soviet Union. We could easily demonstrate that we have more refrigerators and bathrooms than any other country in the world. But we would also have to say that this fine housing is not accessible to the great mass of American workers, the majority of whom can afford to live only in the cheapest types of shelter. We would have to indicate that because of the crisis there is a growing tendency for American families to double up in one house or apartment, or even in one room, while at the same time there is a corresponding increase in the quantity of vacant housing space.

In the Soviet Union distribution is not so one-sided. For example, before the revolution, the city of Moscow had a population of one and a half million. The wealthiest and most aristocratic portion of the population, about 3 percent, lived in the center of the city in an area encircled by the exclusive garden boulevards. Today, with the population doubled, 40 percent of the people live in this same area. Of course that means overcrowding, for the time being, but it also means a more equitable distribution of the available space.

If we examine the housing question in the United States and the Soviet Union in terms of what has been done in that field in recent years, the honors go entirely to the Russians. The housing facilities of Russia are still far from adequate, but in the first Five Year Plan and now in the Second, enormous strides have been made. The whole nation is a beehive of activity. Not only are new cities being erected all over the land, but old cities like Leningrad and Moscow are being rebuilt in sweeping fashion.

In the United States, we can paint no such picture, although a good many words have been written and spoken on the subject. The announcement of the Emergency Housing Corporation spurred architects and city planners to frenzied efforts to design projects in a nation-wide campaign. Today, 7,000 plans rest in the office of Administrator Ickes; but less than a dozen housing projects are actually being built in the whole country. Surely this is not due to our lack of capacity to build or, as some profound thinkers claim, to lack of imagination on the part of the planners, the administration or the public. New York City is an excellent example of the failure of the much publicized public works housing program. With a great beating of drums, 25 million dollars were "earmarked" for slum clearance and housing in that city. To date, it has not received a cent of it. But even if some day New York were to get the entire sum, it would build few houses. How few we can see when we realize that Fred F. French's East Side project involving two slum blocks will alone cost 10 million dollars.

The most profitable and illuminating way of studying the housing question is to ascertain what are the probabilities of realizing, say in the next five years, a really comprehensive and adequate, nation-wide program.

What is an adequate housing program?

We have seen that the Roosevelt Administration allotted only $125,000,000 for housing under the New Deal program. This is in striking contrast to an official news release from Washington on Dec. 7, 1933 which indicated that the U. S. needs $4,532,000,000 worth of residential construction per year. This estimate checks quantitatively with the housing plans published recently in a number of American publications. They all call for the expenditure of approximately $5,000,000,000 per year and in one case this expenditure is planned for a minimum of 25 years. The significant fact about these proposals is that they are not based on market possibilities. These plans are based on the provision of high-standard housing for the entire population, including that part of the population which cannot afford decent quarters at the present time.

What are the chances of such plans being realized in the two countries? In order to answer that we must first establish the basic factors on which these plans depend.

The first factor which is indispensable to such a program is comprehensive, far-sighted planning on a national scale. This cannot be carried out by private business because, as we have learned through bitter experience, private business is the very antithesis of planning. Only the government is able to coördinate a great program in a socially beneficial composition. Indeed P.W.A. Administrator Ickes has stated that:

> Our experience in the last few months indicates clearly that we may not depend upon pri-

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vate enterprise to initiate comprehensive low-cost housing and slum-clearance projects.

Unrelated relatively small projects or subsidized private ones can only repeat the past and perpetuate the existing confusion and waste. Such a program must be completely governmental because centralized authority is absolutely essential to insure its development, without hindrance by selfish interests. Therefore public control must not be limited to financing but must include all the elements that go into such a program—namely, building materials, and their transportation to the job, and the ownership and administration of the housing itself. Otherwise the program would be at the mercy of the consequent rising price of land, materials, etc. But it is obvious that the present economic and political structure of the United States is inimical to such conditions.

In this connection it is significant that none of the public works proposals coming from Washington involves the remotest provision for research and advance planning. As a result of the absence of any serious, comprehensive plan, the few projects actually started under the Roosevelt Administration are of such a nature that they serve no really useful social purpose and, because they are not integrated within a central plan, can easily be discontinued. And this is exactly what is being done today in the curtailment of the P.W.A.

It is only in an economy such as we find in the Soviet Union that socially useful planning is possible. Under the Five Year plans, every element of the tremendous program of building and production is carefully planned in advance and integrated with a central, key design. Only under such plans is there any guarantee that a house, a factory, or a city will be created in calculated relation to all other facets of the pattern. Only such plans make possible the ordered rational developments of a great program.

Another vital factor is the public ownership of land, and, as I have indicated, the public construction and ownership of the housing.

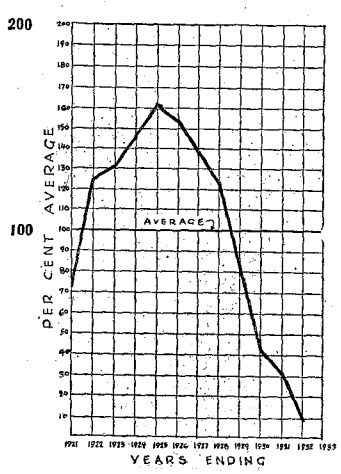
Private speculation and profit spell the doom of any socially minded program. Private ownership of land insures the continuation of the existing slum. And private construction of housing means the continued production of chaotic, anti-social future slums. One of the dilemmas in which low-cost slum clearance housing schemes always find themselves in the United States is the high cost of land held by private interests. Condemnation proceedings through the government's right of eminent domain are no solution because of the length of time involved and because the price, as fixed by the courts, is also usually too high. In the Soviet Union all land is public property, and therefore presents no obstacle to the development of a housing and town-planning program.

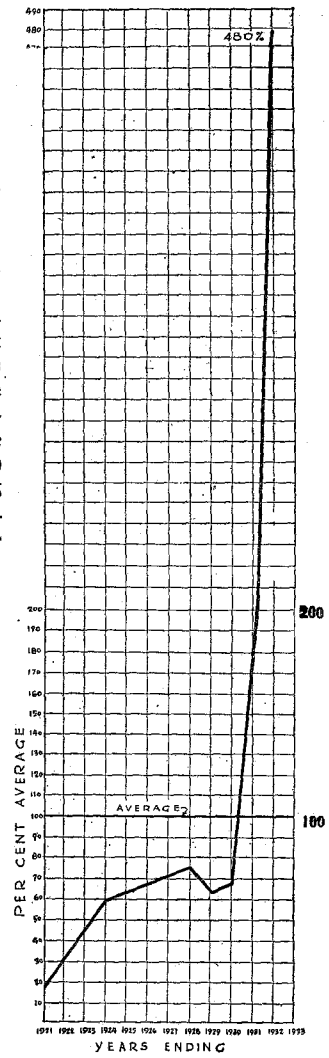
A third factor, intimately related to the previous ones, is housing for human needs and not for profit. It is common knowledge that the wages of at least one-half of the workers in capitalist countries are too low to pay a profitable rental for decent housing. And even when the government subsidizes, as in England, Germany, and Austria, the insufficient buildings actually constructed, they are usually inaccessible to the majority of workers. Most of the occupants of these "socialist" houses are higher-paid, skilled workers—the so-called "aristocracy of labor"—and government employees. Even in Sweden, renowned for its cooperatives, the municipal houses are not available to most of the population. In fact there is an increasing tendency, in the crisis, for workers to be forced out of these houses because they cannot pay the rent. In these countries and in the United States it is the poorest family living in the worst conditions which pays, relatively, the most rent. Our slum rents average anywhere from 30 to 50 percent of the family income, while no Russian worker pays more than 10 percent of his income, and usually less, for his apartment. And of course there is no real provision in these countries for housing the unemployed. Capitalism builds for profit and gives as little as possible in return. It is not interested in the poorest workers or unemployed. And that is why a program of low-cost housing for the entire population is inconceivable.

In the Soviet Union, it is exactly the opposite. Housing and city planning are conditioned entirely by their value to the masses of people. For example, Russians to whom I spoke were always amazed when they learned that even the famous socialist houses of Vienna had no central heating. "Why," they said, "we would never think of building great apartment units today in which the occupants had to supply their own heat and hot water." What would they say if I told them that, as recently as a month ago, a Detroit city planner showed me a P.W.A. project which contemplates re-housing slum dwellers without giving them heat and hot water. When I asked him why a modern municipality considered such a low-standard project, he confessed that to supply these services would increase the rental per room $3 per month. And there is the answer!

A fourth factor is the stability of the employment of the worker at an adequate wage. Private interest will not build for the average worker or unemployed because his low and uncertain income makes him a bad profit risk. The Emergency Housing Corporation insists that all of its housing projects be "self-liquidating"—that is, that the cost of finance, construction and operation shall be met out of income from rents. But this means that the resultant rentals would be beyond the incomes of just that section of the population—the lower-paid employed and unemployed workers—which the administration claimed it wished to aid; and which indeed as the major consum-

The "100" represents the average housing construction in the two countries during the twelve years 1921-33. The indices start in 1921 because that is the year used by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics in its Housing Survey. The figures are give an accurate enough index of the units" from the above mentioned Survey of 257 cities with a population of 47,500,000. Since "residential units" are not defined quantitatively, it is almost impossible to make a direct comparison with the Soviet Union. Nevertheless the Survey does give an acurate enough index of the rise and fall of our housing construction. The Soviet figures are in square meters. From 1928-33, over 30,000,000 square meters were constructed—16 million in 1932. The present, or second, Five-Year Plan calls for 64,000,000 square meters of housing.





(U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics Survey) (Economic Review of Soviet Union—April, 1934)

INDEX OF HOUSING CONSTRUCTION

United States Soviet Union

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ing group, is an indispensable factor in any large scale, national plan. In other words, no projects were to be built unless they could pay for themselves. But until the workers, who today lack the means, are provided with them, the factor of self-liquidation stands in the way of the realization of a serious housing plan.

It is inconceivable then that the capitalist system will undertake an adequate housing program—one which will include, as The Nation states, "the entire population," unless that population can pay a profitable rental. That of course requires continuous employment. But that is precisely what the capitalist economy has been unable to provide. Here you have one of those fundamental contradictions in our system which are revealed so clearly in a time of crisis. Lack of guaranteed income or workers' unemployment insurance is, as I have indicated, one of the factors which makes an adequate public works program, including housing, impossible. Yet, the Administration, despite its demagogy, is avoiding the issue in its deliberate stifling of the only real workers' unemployment and social insurance bill, HR 7598, and in its sponsorship of the grossly inadequate Wagner-Lewis measure.

In the Soviet Union, there is no unemployment. And under such a planned economy there can be none. A socialist economy provides a free and almost limitless expanding demand for its increasing production. However, if supply should overtake demand, it becomes a simple matter to progressively decrease the individual's hours of work. In the Soviet Union, today, the 7-hour day prevails and all workers get yearly vacations of 2 to 4 weeks. The income of the Soviet worker is continuous and stable and is integrated with a complete system of social insurance. Most workers are affiliated with trade unions or coöperatives and through them participate directly in the administration of the houses in which they live. In this manner they can, unlike their American brothers, safeguard their rights such as tenure, standards of quality, etc.

Connected with stability of employment is the factor of mass production. Most of the great housing and town planning programs of today are based, to a large extent, on the economies of mass production of the building materials, the houses themselves, and the equipment pertaining to them. In fact many American economists and architects tell us that houses will be manufactured like the automobile and sold on the installment plan for $2,000 to $2,500. They say it is the mass-produced, low-cost house which, through its availability to the general public, is the elusive "missing link" to recovery.

The attempted analogy between the development of mass production housing and the phenomenal growth of the automobile industry is misleading. In the first place the auto is a mobile machine untrammeled by a static relationship to land which is so integrally bound up with the whole banking and credit structure. Therefore, it can be financed on a more liberal, risk-taking basis than a house. In the second place, we must remember that an auto comparable to a $2,000 house would cost only about $500. And when we see that the demand for even the cheapest car is contracting because of the drop in purchasing power, we find it difficult to believe that the capitalist, interested in housing only in terms of profits, will risk such a "poor market." Is it conceivable, if mass-production of housing were really a solution to the depression, that the United States, with more than sufficient plant equipment for such production, should for five years deliberately withhold it? The answer is that factory-made housing can be considered only in relation to its market.

But the very nature of mass-production is such that it depends on a continuous stable mass-purchasing power. And until our architects and economists can tell us how this can be accomplished under the present system, they cannot ask us to believe that their housing schemes will be realized in socially useful terms.

In the Soviet Union, the situation is ideal for mass-production. There, it is not a question of curtailment of output because people cannot buy, rather the straining of every effort to bring production up to the boundless demand. The average Russian finds it impossible to understand how we, in this country, can deliberately destroy or withhold production. And, for that matter, who can understand such insanity?

Stable employment, then, is a vital factor in mass production which, in turn, plays such a great rôle in the various large scale housing programs in this country.

In addition, stability of employment is a large factor in the technical development of mass production. In the United States, many improvements are withheld because a change would be unprofitable. Machines and production systems are costly and a continuous stream of new designs and processes occur more readily where there is a broad mass-purchasing power. In other words, the problem of bringing about security of employment conditions the chances for an elastically developing production technique. And this technique is intimately bound up, in housing, with a progressive development of living standards.

It is plain then that the achievement of a nation-wide housing program in the United States depends upon a number of premises which are usually omitted from the official plans, but which, nevertheless, are indispensable to their success. These points are omitted by our planners and "brain-trusters" for a very good reason. They know, consciously or otherwise, that the present economic and political system in our country is intolerant of the political implications of such dangerous premises.

It is the absence of these factors which makes the realization of a real housing program impossible in the United States at the present time—and it is precisely the presence of these factors which makes such a program, not only possible, but an actual fact in the Soviet Union.

Alabama Justice in New York

MARTIN FIELDS

"Unquestionably the police have a sympathetic understanding of the consequences of so much unemployment. . . . Apparently the police showed great restraint. The people of this city will stand by the police in the enforcement of order. . . . Obviously no measure of sympathy or tolerance of foreign intrigue will justify undue leniency when the police are attacked as they were."—Police Commissioner O'Ryan, May 28.

"Gaynor, you yellow dog! . . . You want to see these poor people starve so that you can mislead them and incite them to beat the police!"—Mayor LaGuardia, June 2.

THE courtroom looks like an armed camp—like an Alabama court of law. Of the 120 spectators, 35 are cops in uniform. The defendant is Mrs. Vittoria Raffe, who can barely walk. She is nine months pregnant. She is swollen so alarmingly big that you expect her to have her baby in court any minute. She, her husband and their two children have been living on $5.75 relief a week. Recently she had a dangerous hemorrhage. Bellevue doctors said she must have a blood transfusion and more nutrition. She and the baby inside are starving to death. The doctors wrote three letters to the Welfare Department to increase the Raffe allowance.

She went down to 201 Elizabeth Street several times. But she was still getting only $5.75 and no blood transfusion. May 22 she went down again. A couple of hundred tired, hungry women like herself had also gone there that day to ask that the city should not stop rent and gas payments.

"Move on! Move on!" The city's answer.

Mrs. Raffe couldn't move very fast with a baby inside her. She said to the cops, "I can't go so fast." A dozen women so testified later in court. They told also how two cops seized her and dragged her five blocks. Every time she fell down from exhaustion, they dragged her up again. When she couldn't walk any more, they got a cab and shoved her in on her face. At the police station she asked for water, she testifies—"They told me the water was shut off."

The Court tut-tuts with an elaborate grin of disbelief. "We've heard about these cases.

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The Welfare Department does good work—for people who aren't even citizens, too— and all it gets is complaints."

He is ready, however, to believe the cop who testifies that sick, pregnant, frail Mrs. Raffe socked him in the face and yelled, "Men, don't be bulldozed," as the demonstrators were dispersed. The height of the Court's credibility is reached when the lawyer asks the cop: "Couldn't you see that Mrs. Raffe was pregnant, in delicate condition?" And the cop answers firmly: "No, I couldn't."

Almost a hundred spectators turn their eyes on the belly of Mrs. Raffe—cops, too—and laugh outright. The Court raps for order and announces, "I don't believe police act as this woman says they did. Ten days. In view of her condition I suspend sentence."

"He's human," a court attendant remarks reverentially. "He wouldn't send a pregnant woman to jail."

Joseph Elwell, former Rhodes scholar and now editor of the Hunger Fighter, is arraigned. He is charged with disorderly conduct. A cop testifies, talking about the May 26 demonstration at 50 Lafayette Street.

Elwell was standing at the door, he says, when a demonstrators' committee demanded entrance. "I yelled fer everybody to git on." He admits that it was very noisy and that he did not address Elwell in particular. He is asked to reproduce his tone of voice. He repeats, as loud only as if he were asking the time of day, "Git on everybody." Though he did not address Elwell directly, though his tone of voice was so low, he decided within a minute, he says, that Elwell had been given due notice and was resisting orders. He arrested him.

Though Elwell carries a wicked cut on the back of his head, the cop insists, "No, I didn't hit, didn't even punch him, and didn't see anybody else do so."

Elwell, supported by enough witnesses, tells a different story. That he was not at the door at all. That, consequently, he could not have refused to move on. That he was some feet away asking police not to manhandle the demonstrators. That he was, therefore, slugged on the head with a billy from behind and knocked bleeding to the ground. That he was dragged away on his back. That he asked medical attention for two hours and was denied it. That he never saw the cop who claims to have arrested him until hours after at the detention pen, where the prisoners were indiscriminately parcelled out to several cops. The Court listens attentively, because Elwell speaks in a cultured voice. The Court has long been annoyed by the agility with which Tauber managed to get into the record the workings of the relief agencies. He hears suddenly that Elwell once had a C.W.A. job.

The Court—(eagerly) How long have you lived in New York?

Elwell—A year and a half.

The Court—(scenting something) Where were you before then?

Elwell—England. (On the Rhodes scholarship.)

The Court—Oho! (The Court, convinced it has found an ungrateful foreigner getting New York's generous help, tries to run him down.) Are you a citizen of this country?

Elwell—Yes.

The Court—(Still hopeful.) When did you become a citizen?

Elwell—(gravely) At birth.

The Court raps down the laughter. The Court speaks:

"Here is a learned man. His learning is far above. (He doesn't say above what.) I don't want to put a blot on his record. But he knew what he was doing."

He clears his throat and continues. The voice is the voice of the Court. But the words are the words of those great men, O'Ryan and LaGuardia. "I want to say that New York police don't beat up people. When people shove, they shove back. I think they acted right that day (May 26). I'm not afraid to defend them."

He turns to Elwell. "Thirty days. Suspended sentence. Don't get into trouble again."

The reverential court attendant remarks, "He's got a lot of respect for learning, he has."

The fine righteous words of LaGuardia and O'Ryan in behalf of their police go beyond the Courts. You can see, of course, that they are a *carte blanche* to the police. The word gets around quickly also to the squad room at the Eighth Street Station House in Brooklyn, for instance. "Anything goes," the hard faced boys with billies in their pockets tell each other. "O'Ryan and La Guardia will back us up on anything." Even torture.

Near-by, at Nathan's Famous, Inc., a Coney Island cafeteria, forty-three workers out of forty-six are on strike. The strikers want a 54-hour, six-day week. They have been working 98 hours—seven days a week.

The strike annoys Nathan's Famous, holding its arms open for the hot-weather traffic. A particular annoyance is Patsy Augustine, chairman of the Food Workers' Industrial Union shop local.

At 9:30 a. m. June 5, Patsy is dragged from bed by three detectives. They mumble something about his car having been used by men who stabbed a furrier's foreman. They take him to the station house.

Anything goes. For eight hours they torture him. A whole squad of them against slight, undersized Patsy Augustine. They kick him, punch him, club him and beat him with a rubber hose. Then they introduce a few novelties to stimulate their jaded appetites. They pour hot water on his naked body. They apply lighted cigarettes and matches to his flesh. They pull his hair out in bunches. They take him to a hospital for treatment. They want him to be identified by the stabbed foreman who can't identify him.

Back to the cell. They're worn out now. No more beating. But all night long as Augustine asks for food they carry on a new jolly game. "How'd you like a nice juicy steak—you damn Communist? How'd you like a cup of coffee — you lousy red?" When he tries to sleep they wake him up to ask him again.

Late the next day he gets out on bail. The Court has no curiosity about his blackened eyes, the torn patches in his scalp, his swollen cheekbones.

June 9, Supreme Court Justice Leander A. Faber, notorious injunction maker, helps out by forbidding the strikers to walk anywhere within a ten-block radius of Nathan's Famous. The strikers can't even take a subway train without violating the injunction.

On the same day a committee goes with Augustine to New York Police Headquarters to make charges against the cops who beat him. O'Ryan is away, but a deputy "promised to investigate."

June 11, Augustine gets his answer. So do Mrs. Raffe, Elwell, the Lechays and all other past and future victims of police brutality. In a public letter to Welfare Commissioner Hodson, O'Ryan thanks Hodson for "commending the patient manner" in which members of the Police Department have dealt with the demonstrators who have been appearing before 50 Lafayette Street and other buildings during the past month.

"There is no question in my mind concerning the forbearance of the police during the past five or six months. . . We have already placed on trial several policemen for failure to use all the force at their disposal. . . Charges will be preferred against any officer of the Department who fails to act promptly and effectively in such instances. . ."

In other words—"Go to it boys. Anything goes. I'm in back of you."

LAST NIGHT . . .

Last night I heard a girl speaking
To a crowd; she was swift, fiery,
She uttered the word: Revolution.

I pace, aglow with the sounding of
Her simple phrases, reflect, shake
Hands with an imaginary man, a friend,
Calling him Comrade—the word
Lingers warm and confident on my lips.

We are parted, you and I, ghosts
Of the past—today having torn us
Apart—do not stare emptily.
I walk now free of you—
Free for the open day.

Last night I heard
The lips of a girl say: Revolution.
This morning I am alive.

MARTHA MILLET.

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Hunger Camps in the South

LOUISE PREECE

WHILE Germany formerly looked to America for new furbelows in Democracy, America now looks to Germany for new techniques in the control of her working-class. One of the most striking of these introductions is the transient camp. But America has greatly improved the imported idea in her most recent scheme to further enslave the South.

The new scheme is the subsistence village system. Texas is constructing the first one, and such villages are springing up in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and no doubt throughout the rest of the South. The breakdown of industry in the North, coupled with the "stagger" system, has caused a great flux of population, both Negro and white, in the Southern states.

These unemployed people, without food, clothing, and shelter, are literally forced to the warmer states in an effort to survive through the winter. They also hope to secure agrarian employment. But as they arrive, emergency plans are being made to gather them hastily together and put them under control. Because of its huge area and output of industry, Texas is being filled rapidly with transients from all over the country. Other Southern states, already filled to their capacity, cannot stem the great tide of unemployed sweeping through and beyond them.

Statistics for last December show that the largest number came from the East North Central region with the West South Central, West North Central, the mountain district, Pacific, East South Central, South Atlantic, Middle Atlantic, and New England sections following in proportionate order. Naturally, basic plans to control this migration and at the same time exploit it are being put into operation here. Perhaps the least organized of all the states, Texas has already become a breeding place for capitalist contrivances which will branch out over the entire country once "models" are firmly established here. This state is a vast area with miles and miles of isolated valleys and river bottoms where such projects can be developed without the outside world being aware of them until the finished products are brought to light.

In the past, there have been whispered tales of frightful peonage existing among Negro and Mexican workers who were first hired to go to these secret regions to work, and then forcibly enslaved there by white landlords and officials. As far as the capitalist press was concerned, such stories did not need to be printed. But sometimes they come to light. The Trinity river bottom, near Houston, has long been known to be the Siberia for this state. In addition to farms and plantations there is a prison farm located there. In December three convicts, in the hope of escaping the horrible exploitation said to exist on the farm, mutilated themselves. Julius Koch chopped off three fingers of his left hand in an attempt to get transferred to Huntsville, where the work is lighter. Melvin Underwood cut off four fingers of his left hand while Harry Bertoline severed his left arm just above the wrist. Prison officials said that such cases were not unusual, while W. W. Waid, the warden, claimed that prisoners are moved to such actions by "laziness." Lee Simmons, general manager of Texas prisons, declared that to put "bad men" behind walls instead of making them work would be "demoralizing to prison morale." From these prison farms, one can be led to know what to expect from the brutality of a system which attempts to seize not only the property of the workers, but the workers themselves in order to exploit them.

Now, for the time being, the psychology of relief officials toward transient workers is changed on the surface. The proponents of the New Deal, realizing the bursting shackles of industrialism and the growing rebellion against exploitation, have cleverly set to work to introduce fascist measures into the American working-class in an effort to demoralize it and thus make it submissive. A new set-up for this purpose is being created in the South. It is based on individual case work which has as its foundation spy-work in the form of "hobo" trips taken by relief officials. From this spring plans for the false security into which the working-class is being inveigled.

The transient camp idea itself was developed through these "hobo" trips. As has been stated, these camps first made their appearance in Germany. Then the American Legion, along with the RFC, seized upon the plan for America. Texas had the first camp, followed by Alabama and California. The latter state set up a "model" called Diga Colony. Workers, while being controlled by military discipline, were exploited. The sponsors of the colony were former State Relief Director Maury Maverick and Representative Pat Jefferson. They made a "hobo" trip through Texas prior to the opening of the colony. Their plan called for a localization of transients along with forced labor. But the New Deal beat them to their plan when it set up camps at railway stations and allotted funds for the setting up of permanent camps. Diga Colony, though, flourished for a year before this was done. In the summer it was turned over to the Bexar county relief commission for further administration.

Moreover, plans for "delousing" machinery, scientific observation for the purpose of controlling active political thought, and the solution of unemployment through forced labor are too ingenious to be turned down by the Federal government. Maverick and Jefferson are to be called in on the formulation of plans for the village system in Texas, it is reported. Once again this state will present a "model."

The first village is already under way in Texas. Located about 20 miles from Austin, near Jollyville, the village is about a mile from the main highway. A narrow road through the cedar-brake leads to a large basin-like valley which is entirely surrounded by mountains. It is well hidden from the public, and there has been no publicity to attract attention to it. Q. C. Taylor, a Southern landlord and attorney, leased this land to the Federal government. Mr. Taylor is also on the committee for subsistence homesteads. At present, there are at least a hundred men and boys in the camp. They are living in tents while constructing the village. The crew has been carefully selected. No transients other than those approved by headquarters in Austin are accepted. At present, they are well fed, and simply glow with the patriotism which is easy to accept when a good living is provided. There are no loose screws in the machinery here.

The villages will be composed of entire families—the men doing the various work allotted to them. The women will keep house, which means a complete denial of a woman's right to accept an equal place in business and professional life. All of the villages will be run on a subsistence basis with "pay in kind." The laborer will receive approximately 90 cents a week cash allowance while the "white collar" worker will be given about $1.30 a week. To obtain maximum efficiency, "bonuses" will be allotted.

Farms, schools, churches, livestock, etc. will make up each village. Mr. Gipson, who is soon to take a "hobo" trip through Texas for further investigation, said that the isolation of the unemployed into these villages will ease the friction which he claims arises between employed and unemployed. The more enlightened person will see in this an effort to keep down the growing mobilization of the workers, regardless of who happen to hold jobs.

Vocational schools with courses in trade will be opened. Workers trained here will be placed on the outside as well as being held for work in the villages. This will result in direct competition between these unpaid slaves and laborers and "white collar" workers on the outside who are managing to realize a few dollars a week. Even in boom times, according to Gipson, these transients will be moved back and forth wherever they may be needed. This constant shifting will present a new menace to the workers in their attempt to organize, for it means that the village workers

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will be used as trained scabs in times of strikes. Contemporaneously with the establishment of transient camps in Germany, the workers there lost all their freedom. And just as the American government copied the transient camp scheme, so will it attempt likewise to rob the workers here of what freedom they have. In these "model" villages we may therefore expect the fascist credo to hold that "within the shop an employer, as leader of the shop, the office employes and laborers as his following, must work jointly for the advancement of the shop's purposes and for the common advantage of the people and the state. . . The leader of the shop decides on all shop matters. . . his followers . . . must be faithful to him."

That such tenets are being adopted in America may be easily seen by an examination of the facts in Texas. Here, for instance, objecting transients are first given a chance to talk themselves out. But if their talk favorably impresses other transients, they are told to move on, and are black-listed with other camps. They are accordingly left to perish of starvation and cold, and, moreover, are subjected to the fist of every policeman. In Diga Colony some bonus marchers who began to curse the system were given a few dollars and sent on to Washington, where it was evidently thought that the police would attend to their problems. In Dallas, veterans from the War Veterans Relief Association wished to go on the last bonus march to Washington. They were told by Col. William E. Easterwood, the fascist sponsor, that they would be cut off from further relief if they went. In Houston, a new bureau was created for transients while rebellious transients are kept in the old, unsanitary bureau. Miss Mary Stewart, the director, stated that they will get "temporary care here, and everyone will know who they are." At one time a member of the Communist Party drifted in to Houston and started organizing the transients against the policies of the bureau. He had succeeded in getting five of them to join him when a stool-pigeon turned him in. He was threatened with immediate arrest if he did not leave town.

Not only in Texas, but in Alabama, elaborate plans are being made to seize control of the transient situation as quickly as possible. Without doubt, Alabama will adopt the village system when the scheme actually gets under way. In the fall of 1933, Ronald Savery, field representative for the state of Alabama, took a "hobo" trip which lasted for four weeks. He divided transients into three groups, professional hoboes, hoboeing workers, and youngsters. And here are statements from his report which reveal the attempt of the camp officials to get the workers to accept transient camps and villages as modern Utopias: "The first step in this proceeding is to convince the transient that something definite is being aimed at, and that direct relief, that is, supplying food and lodging, is not the sole purpose of the Transient Bureau. Organized and intelligent treatment of the transient is yet so new that the men on the road have not yet realized that anything new is being aimed at . . ."

Harry Sternberg (Weyhe Galleries)

Every worker knows of the brutality which the system has used against the Alabama share-croppers in their brave struggle to organize. Instead of the right to work for decent wages, the share-croppers and all the other workers and farmers will be offered transient camps which will give them nothing in return for hard labor. Alabama is notorious for the treatment of the working-class there. Yet Savery reported: "I should like to say that it is my belief that the present transient relief program in the State of Alabama is a long step forward in the right direction." He recommended such camps for Birmingham, Gadsden, Mobile, and other cities in that state. The treatment for Negroes, for whom plans are now under way at Washington, according to report here, is proved by Savery himself in his statement: "He [a transient—Ed.] warned me about 'One Arm' Kelly at Flomaton, and to be sure not to ride in there in a car with any Negroes, because that was one thing 'One Arm' Kelly would not stand for. He said he had seen 'One Arm' Kelly crawl into a car with six Negroes in it, and when he came out one of the Negroes was dead." "One Arm" Kelly is a constable in Flomaton. Savery reported that here the transients must not be seen, and must always be moving.

These camps, in addition to subsistence villages, tie together various methods which are being instituted in the South for the purpose of getting entire control of the working-class. Until one takes into consideration the other aspects of unemployment here, one cannot fully realize the danger of subsistence plans. In Texas, the cotton acreage reduction campaign will drive 80,000 tenant farmers from the land. Those who have annually gone from the cities to farms to help gather crops will be without work. There is no relief for the small farmers. A mortgage moratorium law passed last year was fought by bankers and landlords until it was finally carried to the Supreme Court, where it was never heard. Instead of the constitutionality of the law being forced, the legislature proceeded to enact a new one, in fact convening in extraordinary session for this purpose and that of general relief. But so far, only a 30-day moratorium has been granted, and this happened just in time to save foreclosure against the $40,000 farm of Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson.

Examination of the bill for a two-year moratorium leaves considerable doubt as to how much it will help the "dirt" farmers. Postponement of foreclosure will be granted to a farmer only if he can pay the court costs, has paid taxes for the past two years, proved that the farm is in as good condition as when he first secured the loan, and that he is capable of managing the property, can pay rent each month until the debt is paid, and has applied to the Home Owners Loan Corporation, the Federal Land Bank, or some sort of loan company for a further loan, being able to offer proper security. The Home Owners Loan Corporation, from a recent report, has paid only 900 loans out of 27,329 applications. To secure such an application, an initial deposit with extra fees for appraisals, etc. must be made by the farmer. The Federal Land Bank has foreclosed on thousands. Another gag for the farmers is the Federal Production Credit Association, which is headed in Texas by Tully Garner, son of Vice-President Garner. Supposed to exist as a relief measure for the impoverished producers, it actually benefits only the landlords, who are the only applicants capable of putting up security and taking out the required $5 in stock on each $100 borrowed. This is an excellent racket for further widening the gulf between farmers and landlords, the latter becoming federal stockholders. And Mildred M. Douglas, an attorney in this state, stated some months ago that interest of as much as $600 on a $50 loan is not uncommon with loan companies. The farmers of Texas have no money, although the department of agriculture boasted that crops this year are worth more than half as much again as those of last year because of the reduction program. The working-class is now paying, through increased prices, for this allotment to the landlords.

The farmers, in addition, are going to be in direct competition with subsistence villages and homesteads. Two different plans, in addition to the villages, are being put into operation here. The first is the federal allotment by which the unemployed will be thrown off the relief rolls to the extent of 375 families and placed on subsistence farms where they will have to grow crops according to the dictates of relief administrators. These farms will be located near Houston, Wichita Falls, Three Rivers, Beaumont, and Arlington. The other plan is the product of a chartered organization which goes by the name, "Texas Rural Communities, Inc." This organization, backed by a $20,000 Federal allotment, is go-

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ing in for extensive experimentation. The plans here call for subsistence farms on which houses will be made of cobblestone. It is boasted that each house will contain a piano. The workers who are doing time on "stagger" projects will be given chances to buy these farms and pay them off "like rent." Farms will be located between Fort Worth and Dallas, near Houston, between Port Arthur and Beaumont, and as well as Wichita Falls.

The landlords are having a great time organizing themselves in order to put over a recovery program which means so much to them. Two organizations have recently been set up. Texas Co-operative, Inc., will exist for the primary purpose of controlling marketing and purchasing. The Texas Agriculture Association, existing for the avowed purpose of educational and social life, will take in all the 4-H and demonstration clubs. H. G. Lucas and E. L. Corbin are respectively president and secretary of both. The buying of a certain number of shares of stock in these organizations is the prerequisite for membership.

Thus the government, through a minutely-detailed set-up, drives the American workers from the land to return them as serfs.

Literary Wars in the U.S.S.R.

II: Alignment of Literary Forces Under the NEP

JOSHUA KUNITZ

BEFORE discussing the vicissitudes of Soviet literature after the introduction, in 1921, of the New Economic Policy (NEP), it is essential to recall the international and domestic causes for that policy, as well as the profound economic, political, social and psychological adjustments its introduction entailed.

In the Spring of 1921, the international position of the Soviet Republic was not a wholly cheering one. True, the Soviet Union was victorious—the interventionist armies had been driven out, the White armies had been crushed and decimated, regions essential to the economic life of the country had been liberated, and as a consequence of all this international position of the workers' republic had been considerably strengthened. Nevertheless, the picture, as I have said, was not a wholly cheering one. The main Bolshevik hope had not been realized: the international revolution of the working class had not come off. There was failure in Austria, Germany, Hungary. Everywhere the revolutionary working class was meeting with defeats and betrayals.

Of course, some progress had been made. The influence of the Third International was growing. Communist Parties had sprung up in some of the major countries in Europe—Germany, France, Italy. But that was not enough. There was to be sure an economic crisis in Europe, but it, too, held out little promise for the cause of international revolution. As Lenin expressed it to the Tenth Congress of the Communist Party in the Spring of 1921, "if we were to draw from this [the crisis] the conclusion that help should come from there within a short time in the form of a lasting proletarian revolution, we should be mere lunatics and I am certain no one in this hall entertains such views. We have learned in the course of the last three years that our stake in international revolution does not mean that we expect it to materialize within a specified period of time, that the pace of development, which is growing more and more rapid, may or may not bring revolution in the Spring, and that therefore we must coordinate our activities with the relationships existing among the various classes in our own country and abroad, in order thereby to maintain for a *protracted* period the dictatorship of the proletariat and to free ourselves, even if gradually, of all misfortunes and the effects of the crises which have befallen us. Only such an attitude will be sound and sober."

The romantic dream of an immediate world revolution was at an end. Lenin now urged a "sound and sober" attitude. He suggested the establishment, even if for a short time, of peaceful relations with the capitalist countries; he even spoke of inviting foreign concessionaires to help reconstruct and develop the economy of the country.

The domestic situation, too, was rather depressing. The World War followed by the Civil War and by foreign intervention left the onetime mighty Empire of the Romanovs economically prostrate and politically dismembered. The most highly developed industrial regions—Poland, Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania—had been lopped off. The railroads were ruined. The factories were at a standstill. The mines were flooded. The oil regions in the South were still in English hands. The countryside was in a turmoil: the peasants whose produce was being requisitioned during the Civil War now refused to raise food for the cities. In Tambov there were serious peasant mutinies. Disaffection was beginning to be felt in the Red Army. Famine threatened in the Volga region. The rigid economic centralization necessitated by the exigencies of the civil war was weighing heavily on the productive forces of the country. Something had to be done, and done immediately. In the words of Lenin, ". . . in applying our former methods we suffered a defeat and had to begin a strategic retreat. Let us retreat and reconstruct everything in a new and solid manner; otherwise we shall be beaten. . . ."

In August, 1921, the New Economic Policy was inaugurated. The Soviet Government licensed a limited amount of private trade, retaining, however, the monopoly of foreign trade and ownership of all large industries. It re-introduced money as a medium of exchange. Instead of requisitions, it instituted in the villages regular tax collections of peasant products. Those who regarded war Communism as the realization of their dreams now saw their dreams shattered. The era of war Communism was over.

Socially, the immediate effect of removing restrictions on private trade and industry was the recrudescence of the middle class in the city and the kulak in the village. Out of the decimated remnants of the old bourgeoisie a host of speculators, tradesmen, Nepmen invaded the stage. A new bourgeoisie was rapidly forming. Speculation, now unleashed, ran rife throughout Russian cities. "Restaurants, cabarets, dance halls, *nacht-lokalen,* gambling hells, flourished everywhere, their mushroom growth fostered by the manure of 'black bourse' gambling in depreciating currency. Fat wives of Nepmen revelled, bedecked with jewels, under white lights. In the true Roman sense of the word it was . . . a brilliant Saturnalia. A reaction, perhaps salutary, against the black *Hunger-Zeit* of war and militant Communism, a monstrous effervescent to surge the stagnant blood of commerce back through its accustomed arteries." (Walter Duranty)

While the "Saturnalia" was finally suppressed, the host of shopkeepers, moneylenders, speculators, middlemen, owners and lessees of minor industrial enterprises, employers of labor on a small scale, concessionaires, and kulaks, revived or born anew, was rapidly growing. The NEP filled the middle class elements with great hopes: Capitalism was coming back; the Bolsheviks had learned their lesson. Those, however, who had fought on the fronts in the sincere but romantic belief that a kind of a socialist Utopia had already been established in Russia and that the bourgeoisie, the exploiters, the kulaks had been completely and finally eradicated, were strick-

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en by grief. Many of the less steeled, less hardened Communists surrendered to disappointment and disillusionment. Many were wholly and irretrievably embittered against the leaders and their "betrayal." Politically, these sentiments expressed themselves in the so-called "Workers' Opposition" under the leadership of Shliapnikov, Miasnikov, and Kollontay.

This keen feeling of disappointment naturally found expression in literature too. In Fodor Gladkov's novel *Cement,* for instance, one of the Bolshevik girls says:

> I can't endure it because I can neither understand nor justify. . . . We have destroyed and we have suffered. A sea of blood, famine. And suddenly—the past arises again with joyful sound. And I don't know where the nightmare is: in those years of blood, misery, sacrifice, or in this bacchanalia of rich shop windows and drunken cafés. What was the good of mountains of corpses. . . . Was it that blackguards and vampires should again enjoy all the good things of life and get fat by robbery? I cannot recognize this and I cannot live with it! We have fought, suffered and died—was it in order that we should be so shamefully crucified?

And another Communist character adds:

> We are going to be subjected to a dreadful trial, worse than civil war, ruin, famine and blockade. We're in the presence of a hidden foe who is not going to shoot us, but will spread before us all the charms and temptations of capitalist business. . . . The petty trader is crawling out of his hole. He is beginning to get fat and re-incarnates in various forms. For instance, he is trying to instil himself in our own ranks, behind a solid barricade of revolutionary phrases, with all the attributes of bolshevik valor. Markets, cafés, shop windows, delicacies, home comforts, and alcohol. . . . That's something we should be afraid of. . . . There is the busy shuffling of speculators and tradesmen. The hoops of the barrel had burst and through the chinks the stinking slops had run out. Out of the dark corners and crevices woodlice and worms are crawling. One cannot kill this new deviltry with one stroke.

That one could not kill this "new deviltry" with one stroke, was clear. But the NEP was only a temporary retreat, as is evidenced by what has been taking place in the Soviet Union since the inauguration of the First Five Year Plan. When the NEP was instituted the Bolsheviks had not of course the slightest intention of capitulating before their class enemies: they simply retreated in order to prepare for another offensive, an offensive on all fronts—economic, political, cultural. And just as the proletariat, despite its retreat, had retained hegemony in economics and politics—the State was in the hands of the proletariat, large industry was owned by the State, foreign trade was a State monopoly, the class enemy was disfranchised and the workers' government could tax him out of existence any time such a measure should be deemed expedient—so did it resolve to achieve hegemony in culture. Parallel to its efforts at consolidating its forces and at drawing in new forces on the economic and political fronts, it began to consolidate its forces and draw in new ones for the struggle on the cultural front. The bourgeoisie had the advantage of training, knowledge, skill; the proletariat had the advantage of power; and the question was who would ultimately beat whom.

The first concrete efforts at rehabilitation brought almost immediate changes in Soviet literature. First, the Smithy group began to disintegrate. Diffuse ecstasy over the Revolution was now a little out of place. Vague lyrical outbursts and cosmic aspirations receded before the immediate and sober needs of production, transportation, reconstruction. Many proletarian writers proved unequal to the task. Most of them failed to understand the Party's tactics in adopting the NEP. The storm over, everything, it seemed to them, was flowing back into the old channels. The philistine, the bourgeois, the kulak were coming back into their own. The revolution turned out a snare and a delusion. Some of the Smithy poets left the Party. Others began to drown their sorrow in drink. Still others, including the gifted Kirillov, ceased writing.

On the other hand, hundreds of young men, fresh from the battlefields, full of new and exciting experiences, suddenly burst into print. The main subject was the Civil War. These young people were not of worker or peasant origin. If we examine the biographies of the writers who first emerged during the early period of the NEP, we find in the overwhelming number of cases young men and women from the middle classes who had gone through the secondary schools and even universities under the Czar. They had been caught in the maelstrom of the Civil War and were carried away by the romance and heroism of the period. On the battlefield they were fighting together with the workers and poor peasants; but while being with them, they were not wholly of them. And as soon as the NEP advanced sufficiently toward crystallizing a new bourgeoisie, some of these young people, deprived of the lift of the early heroic period, began to lapse into the attitudes and express the sentiments of the classes from which they stemmed. The new bourgeoisie wanted certain types of art and literature, and the writers who could best gratify those demands were naturally those whose sympathies, conscious or unconscious, were with that class. Indeed, with the disintegration of the Smithy, these writers appeared for a brief time to be the only ones on the literary horizon.

By 1923 Soviet literature became differentiated into a variety of distinct trends, each representing a distinct color in the social spectrum: From the extreme right to the extreme left. In addition to the new writers brought forth by the Revolution, were several old writers who had come from the other side. Some of the latter had been opposed to the proletariat and had retreated to Western Europe together with the White Armies, but the establishment of the NEP and the initial successes of the Soviet Government in rehabilitating the country and in raising its prestige throughout the world induced a feeling of Russian patriotism and pride among a number of émigré intellectuals, especially writers, who found it rather difficult to function creatively while detached from the soil from which they drew their creative material and creative sustenance. One of the most outstanding among these was Count Alexey Tolstoy. This group of émigrés who had returned to Russia, not as Bolsheviks, but as Russian nationalists, were known as *Smenoviekhovtsy,* or the changing-landmark group. A similar trend became evidenced among some of the so-called inner émigrés, *i.e.,* writers who had not succeeded in escaping from Russia on time, but who remained inimical to the proletarian dictatorship. Some of them, too, hastened to declare their allegiance to the New Russia. These were on the extreme Right of Soviet literature. It is of course inaccurate to refer to them as a group. They were never organized; by and large, they worked individually, each in his own way.

Farther to the left of the "changing landmarks" writers, though not all equally sympathetic to the revolution, were the so-called fellow-travelers. These constituted the main body of the literary profession. Among them were some of the most famous Soviet writers —Pilniak, Prishvin, Lidin, Ogniev, Valentin Kataiev, Ehrenbourg, Seifulina, Shaginian, Fedin, Babel, Vsevolod Isanov, Tikhonov, Zoshchenko, Slonimsky, Nikitin, Leonov, Yessenin, Kliueiev, Klychkov, Romanov, *et al.* Farthest to left among the fellow-travellers were the onetime futurists — Maiakovsky, Aseev, Kruchenykh, Tretiakov, Pasternak, Kamensky. Still farther left were the proletarian writers who remained with the Smithy — Gladkov, Liashko, Novikov-Priboy, Neverov, and several others. On the extreme left was a group of young writers, Communists or members of the Young Communist League — Libedinsky, Bezymensky, Doronin, Malakhov, and the well-known and rather elderly pre-revolutionary writer Serafimovich.

A great many of the Soviet writers, particularly those on the extreme Right, functioned individually, never coagulating into any schools or groupings. Most Soviet writers, however, sought to advance their ideas on aesthetics, the creative method, the function of the writer under the dictatorship of the proletariat, the functions of criticism, and similar problems, by joining into groups of kindred spirits. I have already had occasion to speak of the Futurist and Smithy groups. With the introduction of the NEP a host of new schools and groupings arose. One of the earliest organizations of fellow travellers was the now famous Serapion Brothers, formed in February, 1921. In 1923, the former Futurists, formed the Left Front or the Lef. Soon the Lef began to disintegrate. The first to break away from it was a group of younger people—Selvinsky, Zelinsky, Inber, Agapov, Gabrilovich, Tumanny—who in 1924 formed the Constructivist group. Still later, Maiakovsky, Aseev, and a few others abandoned the Lef to unite in the new and rather ephemeral Revolutionary Front or Ref. Another group of fellow-travellers who had arrived in

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Soviet literature somewhat later than the Serapion Brothers organized in Leningrad into a loose group under the name of *Sodruzhestvo* —(Fraternity). Under the leadership of the well known Trotskyite critic Voronsky, who was at that time editing the important Soviet literary monthly "Krasnaia Nov." a group of young writers formed the Pereval (Passage) in 1924. The peasant writers, too, began to organize. Within a few years, "The All-Russian Association of Peasant Writers" boasted a membership of several hundred. Some of the peasant writers, however, joined the Pereval and other fellow-traveller groups.

Needless to say, the bourgeois and peasant fellow-travellers were not the only ones to organize their forces. In the light of what has already been said, it should be obvious that the NEP, instead of dampening the spirits of the genuine revolutionists—the Bolsheviks, the Communists, the vanguard of the proletariat—would only stimulate them to more determined efforts at cultural self-definition and self-assertion. In the presence of the "hidden foe" with all his "charms and temptations of capitalist business," only the weaker ones, the less hardened ones, surrendered. The others became even more ruthless and aggressive in their onslaught against the enemy. While the Smithy declined in influence and power, new organizations arose to carry on the struggle. There was the group of young Communists gathered around the proletarian literary monthly Young Guard. There was the October group which was organized in 1922 and which in addition to a number of new writers attracted many of the younger and more revolutionary elements from the Smithy. In 1923, the October was superseded by the On Guard, which later, under the name of On the Literary Guard became the core of the all-powerful Russian Association of Proletarian Writers.

So far, I have tried in this article to present a bird's-eye-view of the general set up in Soviet literature during the NEP period. In subsequent articles I shall discuss these various conflicting literary organizations of fellow-travellers and proletarians in greater detail. I shall also discuss the works of the major writers in the several groups. Here, for the completeness of the general picture, I shall give a brief survey of the trends in literary criticism which characterized the first few years of the NEP.

Nowhere, at no time had the perennial questions, what is art? what are its problems? what is its social significance? been discussed with such vehemence and acrimony as in the Soviet Union during the early period of NEP. Is art an autonomous spiritual realm, or is it merely a glittering superstructure on the material foundation of commodity production, class alignment, and social pattern? Is art essentially passive and life-reflecting, or is it active and life-building? Can the working class evolve its own art—absolutely new in content and form—or must it create on the basis of national cultural traditions? These and similar questions were being variously put and variously answered by different Soviet critics.

Broadly speaking, all the Soviet criticism of the period under discussion may be divided into three main trends: the Marxist, the formalist, and the impressionist. Of these, the impressionist was the least significant. A survival of pre-revolutionary days, it belonged to the decadent bourgeois past, and although the critics of this school were often very erudite and clever, their vagueness, their eclecticism, and their subjectivism had reduced their influence considerably. The reason for this is obvious. Soviet Russia was, as it still is, in a positivist, scientific frame of mind. Naturally, erratic subjectivism, arbitrary criteria, individualist vagaries were, as they still are, regarded as bourgeois manifestations. The true proletarian desiderata were clear formulation, scientific method, objective standards.

That the critic was a scientist and not an artist, both the Marxist and the formalist agreed. Their difference lay elsewhere. The former started with content and advanced toward form. The latter started with form and advanced toward content. Holding that "form creates and determines its own content," and that it is therefore "impossible to discover a logical, or sociological, or ethical equivalent for any work of art," the formalist critic confined himself to what he deemed the exclusive province of his science—the nature and evolution of literary forms. He was a literary anatomist *par excellence.* He counted vowels and words, he endeavored to clarify the laws of technique and literary style, he dealt with what he thought were specific literary problems, laws, generalizations. He had no patience with the impressionist critic who indulged in vapid outpourings over works of art, and he was still more impatient with the Marxist critic who, for all his scientific claims, managed "to befuddle basic literary issues by a hundred extraneous economic, political, and social considerations."

The formalist, of course, because of his withdrawal into the ivory tower of pure esthetics, was viewed with bitter hostility by the Marxist critics, whose strength lay in their mastery of Marxist-Leninist theory and their rootedness in the sociological tradition that had dominated Russian letters for nearly a century. Almost all of the great Russian critics of the past, Slavophils, Westerners, Populists and Socialists alike, had treated literary phenomena primarily from the standpoint of social significance. The Bolshevik Revolution brought to the fore Marxist criticism, *i.e.,* sociological criticism impregnated with the philosophy of materialist dialectics. Though Marxist criticism is, in many of its phases, still in the first stages of research, there are a few fundamental principles on which all the Marxist critics agree. The first principle is that art is the expression of group psychology and is a superstructure created on the basis of economic and class relations. Consciously or unconsciously, a writer always expresses the attitudes, emotions, and ideas of a certain social group, and in a class society, of a certain definite class. Thus behind the conflicts of styles, forms, and literary schools, the Marxists always discern the collision of group ideologies, and, deeper still, the collision of economic interests and of social classes.

Applied to the specific situation under the NEP, these general Marxist principles led to the following analysis. The Soviet Union was passing from capitalism to socialism. Soviet society was still divided into distinct economic classes. Though the workers were victorious and on top, there was the great mass of peasantry, with a rapidly growing kulak class, retaining its own ideology, and there was the resuscitated urban middle class which, though kept in control, was as yet virile enough to constitute a serious danger to the workers' state. Hence, it was the function of the Marxist, the Communist critic to analyze each work of art and to discover its class motivation, its class attitude. The Marxist critic was careful not to be misled by protective coloring. He realized that the avowed opinion of an artist—whether he call himself fellow-traveller or even Communist — is not necessarily in harmony with his subconscious group reactions. The workers were moulding a new life, and it was the duty of the Marxist critic to help organize social consciousness toward that end. Accordingly, from the very outset, the Marxist critics encouraged and expounded every work of art that revealed a proletarian trend. They exposed and tried to render harmless any work that bore the germs of middle class or peasant predilection. The arch enemy in criticism was the formalist, whose preference for pure esthetics and refusal to become involved in sociological discourses were correctly interpreted as a desire, not necessarily conscious, to conceal his innermost thoughts and feelings behind a smoke screen of statistical data and technical palaver. The formalist, it was claimed, declined to dwell on the social aspect of literature for fear of betraying his anti-communist, bourgeois substance; his formalism was merely a rationalization, an escape.

We must note, however, that within the Marxist group itself, there were developing differences of opinion. While the older Marxists tended to regard art as purely reflective, life-perceiving, life-knowing, the younger set emphasized the active principle in art: its social dynamism. Art, they affirmed, must enter life, must organize and build life, must give it new forms to correspond to a new content. Thus the question arose: Is the proletariat, while it still exists as a distinct class, and before it is fused in a classless Communist society, deliberately to endeavor to create an original proletarian culture in contradistinction to that of the defunct aristocracy and the passing bourgeoisie, or is it first to assimilate and absorb the great achievements of the past and only then attempt to transcend the past by creating a culture of its own?

A number of what were then considered Marxist critics believed that the working class would not have enough time to create an original proletarian culture. "History shows,"

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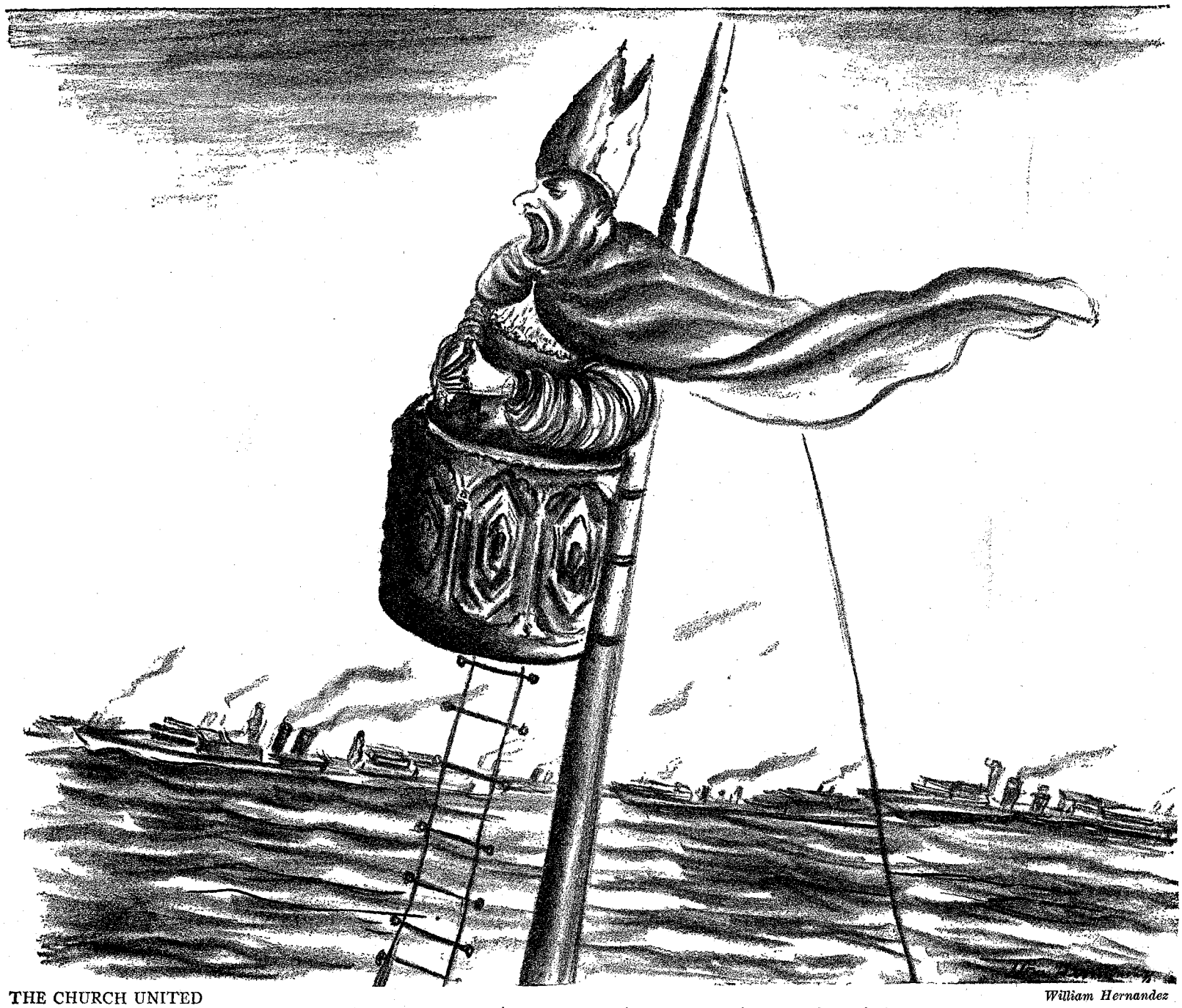

THE CHURCH UNITED

William Hernandez

BISHOP MANNING: *"The United States Navy is a guarantee of peace and security."*
CARDINAL HAYES: *"The Navy is a defence of our Altar and fireside."*

said Trotsky in 1923, "that the formation of a new culture which centers around a ruling class demands considerable time and reaches completion only at the period preceding the political decadence of that class." Unlike the other classes (the upper and middle), the Russian workers assumed power without having previously mastered the cultural heritage of the race. During the transition period (a matter of a few decades, according to Trotsky) the energy of the proletariat would be mainly devoted to political and economic struggle. It would have to fight enemies within and without. And by the time the workers would learn and absorb the cultural achievements of the past, the dictatorship of the proletariat would most likely disappear, society would evolve into a classless Communist entity, and art, instead of being the expression of one dominant group, would become universal, all-human. Consequently, Trotsky maintained, all talk of a proletarian culture was fatuous and harmful—it diverted the energy of the working class toward the pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp.

A position directly antipodal to the foregoing was that taken by the Lef critics. These insisted that "the proletariat is a class that stands for a revolutionary break with the past; it cannot and will not restore esthetic forms that have served as organizational tools of historically outlived social systems." The proletariat must produce, immediately, directly, without delay, new forms to correspond to its new content. Any ideological intercourse with the past is harmful, dangerous. The workers must destroy the old, must begin to build their own culture, develop their own arts, nurture their own artists.

A still different position was taken by the "On Guard" critics. Unlike the "literary Menshevik" Trotsky, these critics felt that the economic and political mission of the working class was not a matter of mere decades, that a perfect Communist society was "more remote than Trotsky imagines" (Bukharin), that during the transition period it would be defeatism for the workers to abdicate the world of culture in favor of the bourgeois and peasant fellow-travellers, and that, therefore, "the working class must build a new culture with a new content and new forms" (Lelevich). While thus agreeing with the Lef on the question of a proletarian culture, the On Guard differed from the Lef in that it asserted that a proletarian culture must be accomplished not by "childishly rejecting" the past, but by "dialectically negating and ultimately transcending it" (antithesis, leading to a higher synthesis).

So much for the salient differences in critical theory. But in the Soviet Union differences in theory are not a mere matter of academic discussion. The different theories in the NEP period led to the differences in practice, to heated factional strife, to passionate probings into the class bases for the differences, to searchings for the "hidden foe."

The proletariat was on guard.

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Correspondence

Dickstein's Opera Bouffe

To The New Masses:

For all the seriousness of the evidence of Nazi propaganda so far disclosed by the House Nazi investigating committee, there's something grotesquely farcical about the entire inquiry—like a macabre opera bouffe.

The setting is in the grandiose caucus room of the old House office building. A dozen shimmering chandeliers blaze down on a thousand empty seats, seats that have remained empty throughout the investigation. Only the first few rows are occupied. Few in the audience are genuinely concerned about the proceedings at hand. They sit and gape; some munch chocolates, nibble peanuts or read newspapers; some just lie about.

The principals of this opera bouffe—"The Special Committee on Un-American Activities"—sit about a huge table like a bunch of overgrown boys at a formal picnic. Not all the members of the committee are in constant attendance; they wander in and out whenever it pleases their restless hearts. Congressmen Jenks, Taylor, and Guyer, reported to be on the committee, have yet to be found. Congressmen McCormack, Weideman, and Kramer continue to hang around ostensibly for lack of something else to do. McCormack, of course, is supposed to be chairman but it would be obvious to a blind man that weasel-faced Dickstein is the big muckymuck. Dickstein had to turn the formal chairmanship over to McCormack because the White House insisted that it wouldn't do to have a Jew in the job. For appearances sake McCormack bangs the gavel and yawps every once in a while—but that's as far as his chairmanship goes. Dickstein sees to it that he outbosses, outshouts McCormack all over the place. Not that McCormack is a fool—hardly. He must have had something to do with the secret employment of Kingman Brewster, a reputed Boston Nazi, as an investigator for the committee; Brewster, a lawyer and brother of a federal judge, is a constituent of McCormack's.

"Senator" Hardwick—a blubbering, quivering mass of flabby flesh and brains—is worth more laughs than both Dickstein and McCormack put together in their most ridiculous moments. After all, he's chief clown—pardon, counsel. What if he damages most of his own evidence? What if he was once closely connected with the Ku Klux Klan in the South? Those irrelevant matters!

The opera bouffe is on. All the participants, including the witnesses, knew their lines perfectly. The whole show has been rehearsed at executive sessions of the committee. By preexamining the witnesses they were able to know what to suppress and what to avoid discussing in open. The committee was caught unawares several months ago when Clarence Hathaway, editor of the Daily Worker, revealed evidence that a Congressional colleague, the estimable Ham Fish, was working with the Nazis. It was at the rehearsal that the committee discovered that Ford's vicious book *The International Jew* was being publicized as Nazi propaganda. Representative Weideman, a member of the committee and a Detroiter, protected his celebrated neighbor by getting him to deny that he had authorized its publication in Germany—this before the facts were made known to the public. Ford, of course, was glad to oblige Weideman with the denial though he did not trouble to explain why he has made no real effort to stop the book's publication.

Carl Dickey, partner in the high-powered publicity firm of Carl Byoir and Associates, is on the stand. The committee doesn't bother to ask him how he came to be connected with Byoir. Had they done so they would have found that he met Byoir while on the staff of the N. Y. Times; nor does the committee attempt to find out if he has taken advantage of his connections with the Times in inserting his Nazi propaganda into that paper.

Dickey is a slimy one. He sits with his hands over his mouth so that his words can barely be heard by the committee, let alone by the press or the public. He does this deliberately so that the newsmen can't catch his admittance that his firm has received $108,000 from the Hitler-controlled German railroads to "promote better American-German relations." Half a dozen times he is requested to speak louder but he goes right on mumbling, swallowing his words. Exasperated, dapper Representative Kramer demands: "Are you going to talk louder or aren't you?" Dickey lashes back brazenly, "Say, look here. You already know everything I'm telling you now. I thought we came to an understanding when I voluntarily supplied you with all that information you wanted. *I'm not going to shout.*" Dickey's eyes blaze up defiantly. Kramer apologetically drawls, "Oh, all right," while Dickstein and Kramer hastily assure Dickey that they mean right by him.

Fritz Gissbl, former head of the Friends of New Germany, is more amiable though equally defiant. Despite the ugly sword scars on his face—or, perhaps, because of them—he evokes "oohs" and "aahs" from the women in the audience, including Dickstein's gaudily dressed daughter. He testifies with a patronizing smirk on his face; sometimes you suspect he's laughing right at the committee. Will he be kind enough to show the committee the Nazi salute? Certainly. He jumps to his feet, snaps his heels together smartly, and gives the salute. "Hold it" shout a dozen astounded photographers. Gissbl obligingly holds it. The committee titters proudly.

The Rev. Francis Gross of Perth Amboy, author of an anti-Semitic pamphlet sponsored by the German embassy, gives the hearing a real Nazi touch with his closely cropped hair and native mannerisms. McCormack addresses a question to him, "Do you think that you as an honorable gentleman should array Americans against Americans? It's bad, it's wrong—isn't it?" Gross shakes his head in doubtful assent. That satisfied McCormack immensely. "Put that into the record," he shouts at the hearing reporter as though he had just extracted the most incriminating evidence imaginable. The poor stenographer wonders what in the world McCormack is batting about; he can't very well put a doubtful nod into the record. Not to be outshone, Dickstein chirps out almost hysterically at Gross, "Weren't you arrested here during the War for? . . ." Dickstein is cut off by the rest of the committee. "It's not fair to drag that in." "Let him alone, he's told us plenty." "That's pretty remote anyhow."

Gross sighs with relief. The question is stricken off the record.

M. B. Schnapper.

Washington, D. C.

Terror in Jersey City

To The New Masses:

Unquestionably one of the most fascist-like examples of the suppression of news centers around the jailing of Martin Harris, crack photographer of the Film and Photo League of N. Y. and special photographer for the Federated Press and other agencies. Harris was covering the strike of the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union at the Miller Parlor Furniture Co., in Jersey City. He was taking pictures of the police attack on the two pickets, Max Mortman and Tonascheffsky, on June 5 when he was seized together with the union representative, Gale Strauss, and the two pickets, thrown into the Hudson County jail (Jersey City) and held under the same bail as each of the three union men—the *unheard of bail figure of $2,500 each.*

Not only does the local chief of police declare that strikes and picketing will be eliminated in Jersey City, but anyone reporting (with pictures) the exact manner in which the police go about this "elimination" will be arrested.

The union, we have been informed, will continue to picket the plant in defence of the interests of its members as well as the right of the entire working-class to organize, picket, and strike. An All-Jersey Conference of workers' organizations in Newark, on June 10, pledged itself to an energetic campaign in support of the efforts of the International Labor Defense to free all four victims.

In addition, we call for special protest actions and telegrams to Mayor Frank Hague, Jersey City, demanding the immediate release of the three strikers and the photographer.

Tom Brandon,
For the National Organization Committee
The Film and Photo League.
12 East 17th St., New York City.

Laboratory Technicians Organize

To The New Masses:

Very little attention has been focused on the vicious working conditions and poor standard of living under which laboratory workers are compelled to exist. After years of academic training, we find ourselves faced with the oppressive system of volunteering (working without pay for an indefinite period), or a salary so low that it is an insult to refer to it as such.

We urge that all chemists, laboratory technicians, bacteriologists, and students who intend to enter this field, join with us in united action against these conditions.

Success depends upon organizational strength! Considerable cooperation is essential to attain our goal of improving the economic conditions of the laboratory workers.

Edward Rankin, Jr., Sec'y,
Joint Committee of Laboratory Technicians.
10 West 47th Street, N. Y. C.

Hoovervilles and God

To The New Masses:

Your readers will be interested to know that Hoovervilles — now called "Roosevelt-Roosts" — are continuing to flourish along the Mississippi, covering nearly twenty miles of St. Louis riverfront, in settlements numbering from 100 to 2,500 citizens. Their main food still comes from picking over the garbage dumps. Their drink is the filthy Mississippi water which they scoop up in buckets and allow to settle.

One hardly expects to find parallels of municipal corruption in such brutalized settlements, but the mayors and spiritual fathers and Salvation Army groups and vigilante police are all there shining with civic virtue. True, they have had dependable outside guidance. St. Louis' police chief, for example, devoted precious hours to organize the worst Hooverville elements into a law and order gang to "control morality"—that is, to supervise the brothels and prevent any radical organizations. In this uplifting undertaking the police had the assistance and financial aid of philanthropic religious groups of ladies who were appalled to hear about red agitators: we must keep our Hoovervilles as they are, so very picturesque, you know! But the Hooverville vigilantes have attempted more than they can handle, for some citizens are continually discussing the economic reasons why Hoovervilles have come into existence as well as the vicious role of the God-loving charity ladies groups.

St. Louis, Mo. Arnold T. Sandoz.

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Books

The Magic Mountain's Mouse

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS, by Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS volume is the first of a series appearing in Germany under the general title of *Joseph and His Brothers.* In Germany this particular volume is called *The Story of Jacob,* and, though Joseph appears in the first chapter, it is Jacob's story Mann has chosen to tell. In general he follows the book of Genesis, supplementing it with apocryphal legends. He elaborates the characters, of course, and invents many details, but he keeps very close to the traditional narrative. Although not unaware of the findings of modern biblical scholarship, both insofar as they invalidate the Bible story and insofar as they give some accurate knowledge of the period in which Jacob supposedly lived, he makes little use of this material. He knows that his sources are unreliable, but he prefers to treat them with all seriousness.

This deliberate ambiguity Herr Mann attempts to justify in a long and not unintentionally mystifying prelude. The search for the beginnings of human history brings us, he says, to one "time-coulisse" after another. Whenever we think we have discovered the starting-point, we find that there is something earlier. "What a deluded pilgrimage," he concludes, "what an onward-luring hoax! . . . We have sounded the well of time to its depths, and not yet reached our goal: the history of man is older than the material world in the work of his will, older than life, which rests upon his will."

Thus Mann's search ends, not unexpectedly, in mysticism. Like so many modern writers, he seeks to deny the whole concept of change and development. It therefore is possible for him to ignore the distinction between past and present and between history and legend. And so he can convince himself that the story of a mythical Jacob is relevant and important because it can exemplify eternal spiritual principles.

The novel gives us an excellent chance to test this theory. I have read it carefully and, because I have admired earlier works of Mann's, not unsympathetically. I have looked closely for the eternal truths that Mann must have believed he was revealing, and I have not found them. The book is an ingenious and often entertaining interpretation of a familiar legend, a skillful and delicate piece of exegesis—and little more than that. Its characters seem for the most part as vague and remote as the figures of the biblical myth. They take on an air of reality when Mann shows them engaged in characteristic tasks of their day, when he sets them against a background of sheep raising and desert wandering and warfare, but these moments of comparative reality are all too few. Mann usually ignores the simple material truths for the "spiritual realities" that prove so illusory.

Whatever subsequent volumes may show, *Joseph and His Brothers* is thus far immeasurably inferior to *Buddenbrooks* and *The Magic Mountain.* In *Buddenbrooks* Mann made a remarkable study of the German upper bourgeoisie, a study that, for all his sympathy with this class, revealed and even emphasized its decay. In *The Magic Mountain,* mustering all his tremendous intellectual resources, he took this decay, especially in its cultural manifestations, as his theme. But even in these works it was apparent that Mann was by no means immune to the processes of corruption he portrayed. Now he has clearly fallen victim, like Hans Castorp in *The Magic Mountain,* to a refusal to recognize time distinctions, which means, obviously, a refusal to recognize the course and meaning of history. The pretense of transcending the limitations of time exposes itself as an excuse for not confronting the present. Hitler comes to power and Thomas Mann writes of Father Jacob! He has played too long with mysticism, and now it has its revenge. This is a soft and second-rate book.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Impending Crisis

UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL, by T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

This is the final volume of the trilogy that has bagged three book club selections and a Pulitzer prize for its author. Still, with the odds four to one against him, Mr. Stribling manages to come in ahead of the usual prize-winning dead-heat. There is not much in the American South today that gets by him. And if his pose of Olympian detachment seems to us inexcusable in the face of the monstrous bigotry, oppression, and exploitation he portrays, if his irony seems to us worse than futile, still the record remains; it is not falsified with poetic humbug and regional poppycock.

Unfinished Cathedral gives us the South of the boom years and the crash. The scene is Florence, Ala., but Mr. Stribling manages to ring in echoes of the Florida real estate bubble, the Dayton monkey trial, the Scottsboro case, and the White Legion. He reveals the interlocking directorate of the holy Methodist church and the Southern ruling class. Above all, he shows the systematic terrorization and exploitation of the Negroes, a terrorization and exploitation so ruthless, so damnable that, told even in Mr. Stribling's benign accents, they cry aloud for revolution.

One of the earliest scenes in the novel gives us the Reverend Jerry Caitlin collaring a Negro kid who has just come into town on a freight train, and handing him over to the sheriff. "The assistant minister was half-minded to loose his captive. Had he been a white boy, he would have done so. But in the South there rests upon white men a kind of racial obligation to correct and reform as best they can the missteps and shortcomings of the colored people, so this impulse to liberate the child was overruled in the Reverend Jerry Caitlin by his wider duty to his country."

Mr. Stribling's butterknife irony is enlarged when the six boys, accused of rape, escape a lynching party because the realtors of Florence don't want to give the town a bad name in the middle of the boom and thus scare away prospective suckers. "Why lynch the niggers when they are going to be hung anyway! It'll ruin the value of real estate." And he has the business men of the community finish up their duty as keepers of the public morals by engaging one lawyer for the defense and retaining another for the prosecution. "We've got to pick a lawyer who would rather see justice done [*i.e.,* "hang the niggers"] than make a big reputation by winning the case." "But listen," asks the shyster who gets the job, "how would you men like to stand up and defend six black beasts?" (one of whom is thirteen years old).

In a somewhat similar vein Mr. Stribling has the young Southern hero, Red McLaughlin, confide to his girl that he belongs to the White Legion.

"We're against niggers, Catholics and Jews, and just anything un-American."

"Well . . . aren't lynchings un-American?"

"Marsan, what's eating you? Don't you know lynchings don't occur anywhere except in America?"

John Chamberlain found *Unfinished Cathedral,* with its gallery of banker crooks and real estate sharks, its religious sycophants, hypocrites, and bigots, its lynching fiends, its poverty-stricken whites and submerged blacks—the whole cancerous panorama of class exploitation—a matter of "easy, rippling entertainment."

So much for Mr. Stribling's irony!

EDWIN SEAVER.

Revolution and Mental Hygiene

RUSSIA, YOUTH AND THE PRESENT DAY WORLD, by Frankwood E. Williams. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

This book is the attempt of Frankwood E. Williams, physician and psychiatrist, to clarify his own mind on the subjects enumerated in the title, after two visits to the U. S. S. R. and several years' travel over most of Europe. Because the chapters which make up this book represent the "thinking aloud" of problems and challenges posed to him by Russia (and in a negative sense the rest of Europe and the United States), and because these chapters were written for magazines or as addresses, the book seems to skip about rather than appear as an integrated whole. However, in spite of its formlessness and the confusion of the author concerning some problems, one

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theme is ceaselessly repeated and driven home: " . . . that a civilization cannot be based upon the principles of exploitation but that a civilization can be based on the principle of no exploitation. Everything else, education and all, follows from this."

Dr. Williams has seen the development of a new social and economic order in Russia and it has amazed him. In Russia he discovered what mental hygiene can and should mean to the individual and to society, and in his capacity as a psychiatrist was astonished at its simplicity. He has seen the civilization of the future in the making and understands that the rest of the world must follow the same path. He recognizes the necessity of revolution, knows it will be worth while, and does not shrink from it. He recognizes the bankruptcy of religion—its hopeless position in the modern world.

However, Dr. Williams' consistency and logic suffer from the bourgeois ideology which still grips him. While he understands that the dictatorship in the U. S. S. R. is a class dictatorship, he does not yet understand that the dictatorships in Italy and Germany and the Roosevelt regime in the United States are also dominated by a class. While he sees the hopelessness of Roosevelt's magic-making and the futility and danger of Fascism, he considers them honest efforts to solve the problems facing us. He does not understand that these "honest efforts" are only efforts to consolidate bourgeois domination. Although Dr. Williams, in controversy with Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron, demonstrates the hopeless position of religion and the naïveté of expecting people to turn to religious principles for a way out (after disregarding them for two thousand years), he, nevertheless, makes an appeal to the middle-class, and to its sons and daughters in high schools and colleges, to establish a society based on no exploitation. He as yet sees nothing inconsistent in appealing to the class which supports capitalism to overthrow capitalist economy and society.

Nevertheless, despite its faulty logic and its several inconsistencies, Dr. Williams' book remains an honest indictment of capitalist society and a sincere recognition of the Soviet way out. His "fumbling" out of confusion toward a clearer understanding of the solution to the social problems insoluble under capitalism may help to clarify the minds of those professionals and intellectuals who are floundering far behind him in the swamps of bourgeois bewilderment.

D. W. DeArmand.

Confusion in Brookfield

FROM THE LIFE OF GEORGE EMERY BLUM, by Virgil Geddes. Brookfield Players. $2.

Geddes' new volume of plays is a tetralogy composed of four comedies, each of which consists of four short acts: "In the Tradition," "I Have Seen Myself Before," "The Drink in the Body," and "By the Soul You May Bury." All of them are related episodes "from the life of George Emery Blum." The thesis, as stated in the preface, is "that a man who commits murder in his heart is guilty, whether or not the actual crime is proved, or indeed, ever was committed."

Blum is an undertaker who is hard up for cash when a corpse drifts his way. While he is washing the body a bubble forms on the mouth; so he jams cotton batting down the throat to make sure that it's dead and that he collects for the burial. Thereby hangs the tale, for in the succeeding plays he bumps off his wife's pet chicken, "Grace," which inspires his prospective employer, Cobb, to do the same to his wife's pet dog, "Stuffy," which had stood between their happiness. Next, Cobb himself kicks off, and Blum tries to bring him to life again. He fails, and so he leaves the funeral racket and becomes a politician.

These plays, according to the blurb writer on the jacket, ". . . reveal a positive and revolutionary aspect to his [Geddes'] high talents." Schnitzler then, by virtue of his *Affairs of Anatole,* must be an out and out revolutionary playwright. I do not question that these plays will find favor among the more "daring" of little theater groups, but they add only to the confusion of bourgeois thought and not to the growth of the revolutionary theater.

Geddes is concerned and worried about his plays "enduring." I have come across this thought constantly in his work. Living in an era of world history which is vibrating with the dramatic stuff of which plays are made, whether they be comedies, satires, dramas, or tragedies, Geddes flounders about from Pocahontas and the Elders to George Emery Blum, afraid that one of his plays might have an idea in it that would prove a thesis. Of the first play above he proudly says in the preface, "Furthermore, nothing is proved in the play, unless it is that the margin between light and darkness is very small." He has said, "Too often we look for meaning and miss the play." He tries to defend himself by asking, with regard to Shakespeare and Molière, "Did they ever, for even an act or a scene, allow us to think that they stood for something?" He concludes with the blind assertion, "With the tone and pattern of our ways here [America] undisciplined and varied, permitting our lives to thrust themselves forward with a strange vitality, too indefinite in its direction to permit conclusions, we are once again in an age asking for such a dramatist." (A Shakespeare or a Molière he means!)

And so we find Geddes trying to fill the rôle of what he believes a Shakespeare or Molière stood for. I am sure one reading (perhaps I should say an understanding) of the *Communist Manifesto* would enable him to see that our life here in America is not "too indefinite in its direction to permit conclusions." Whatever Geddes may have written in his pamphlets, his creative work is what counts. In George Emery Blum, who is floundering about helplessly in the morass of a decadent society, confused, uncertain, I can only see Geddes himself.

"To write the truth," as Henri Barbusse demands, is too simple for Geddes; it might lead to the stigma of being an artist with convictions.

Paul Romaine.

Dewey's Esthetics

ART AS EXPERIENCE, by John Dewey. Minton, Balch and Company. $4.

John Dewey, the grand old man of American philosophy, is rounding out his long campaign against theology, mysticism, and verbalism. His philosophy of naturalism is based on experience, on the activities of men in society seeking things they need and desire. For Dewey, ideas, art works, and machines arise in process of man's interaction with his environment. All this sounds realistic and revolutionary, and some liberals profess astonishment at Marxian denunciations of Dewey as a reactionary philosopher. Despite Dewey's pleas for a better society, anyone but a professional philosopher should see that his premises are buried deep in traditional thought, and that his conclusions rarely fulfill whatever revolutionary promise his premises may have.

Art as Experience takes art out of the realm of the "spiritual" into which centuries of idealist esthetics have stuffed it. Substance, form, rhythm, and meaning are shown to derive from experience, and to be comprehensible only in terms of experience. Dewey uses "experience" in two senses, shuttling from one to the other: sometimes he means inchoate experience, in general; at others he refers to conscious, formed experience. The skeleton of the esthetic is in the closet of experience, but it becomes something distinct through man's conscious, purposive activities. Dewey goes on to show that the failure to deal with art in its own categories produces the fallacies of reduction and confusion of categories. But Dewey never loses sight of the intimate relation between art and the world about us. He traces the "compartmentalizing" of esthetics to the economic system which nourished these theories. He insists that only a new society without the "profit motive" will bring that free and significant harmony between all forms of human activity. Throughout, Dewey never tires of emphasizing the dual aspect of art: its natural basis and the reciprocal action of man in time and history.

Dewey supports his general thesis with a wealth of critical insights. There is a very acute chapter on the unity of substance and form. The "frame" notion of form is shattered. And Dewey observes the frequent interchange of form and content as our orientation shifts. Though Dewey is not sufficiently familiar with recent critical discussions, he makes the very penetrating distinction between subject and substance—an insight which would have saved I. A. Richards and T. S. Eliot from many of their blundering analyses of the relation of merit to subject in poetry. Then there is the insistence on "medium." "Sensitivity to a medium is the very heart of all artistic creation and esthetic perception." So

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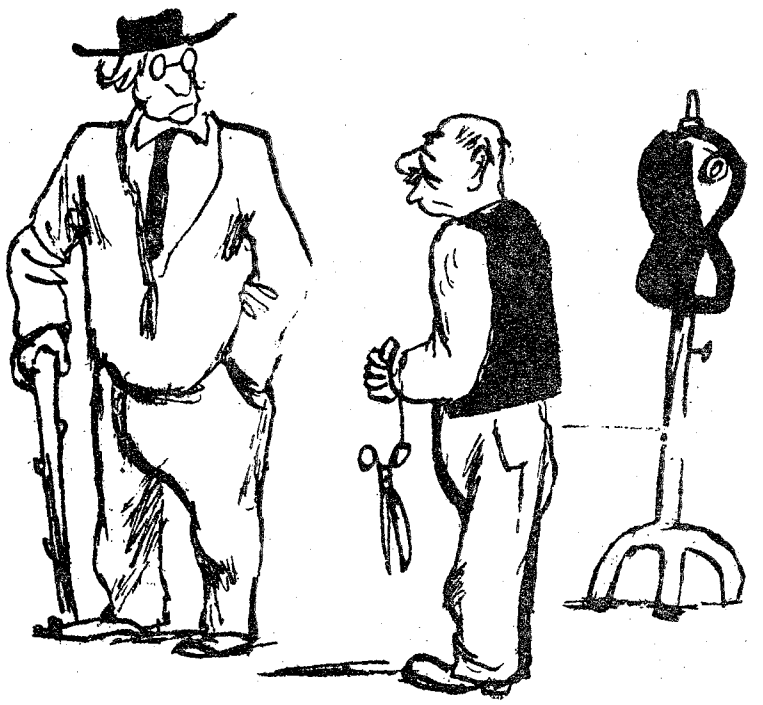
Incredibly petty the themes of some of our poets. Every insignificant fact in the personal life of the poet—the removal of the telephone, the changing of apartments, and even the fact that the poet's room is infested with bedbugs —immediately inspires the poet to a "problem" poem.

—From a Soviet critical journal



(From Literaturnia Gazeta)

TERRIBLE VENGEANCE!

"I warn you, if the suit isn't ready on time, I'll write a poem about you!"

much esthetic theory from Plato to Croce has been written as though the medium were an accidental form. At this point Dewey does much to bridge the gap between philosophied esthetics and immediate art criticism, and Dewey demolishes many ingenious philosophies of art which squeeze art into an *a priori* system of ideas.

So far, apparently, so good. These and many of Dewey's other ideas are valid and acceptable. But one begins to question them when one looks for a resolution of important philosophical and social problems today. What are the social implications of current philosophies? Which philosophy of history is consistent with a revolutionary outlook toward a classless society? The questions Dewey fails even to consider form the body of Marxian thought. Dewey has two, closely related shortcomings. On the one hand, the concepts of action, purpose, instrumentality remain vague categories because they are never applied to specific ends. As such they explain human activity in general, but they cannot justify any particular social outlook. I don't see how Dewey can get away from Pope's "Whatever is, is right," except by introducing extraneous ethical considerations. On the other hand, Dewey's philosophy of history does not consistently recognize class divisions in society. Consequently his analyses blur the irreconcilable differences between the purposes and actions of each class. At best, Dewey's philosophy is to be regarded as a critical method partly effective in answering more reactionary philosophies. His entire concept of experience is methodological, without concrete outlook.

In the discussions of art this eclecticism adds considerably to the first impression of the book as having approached art from outside. Much of the book is a recoil from esthetic theories which have little favor in literary circles. Most of the important critical problems facing artists today are barely touched on. Yet the only intelligible application of Dewey's ideas of action and purpose would be in the practice of artists and in the theoretical justification of that practice. Dewey grants that "purpose controls selection," but the locus of purpose remains largely in the psychology of the individual. Take this passage (quoted with approval by Kenneth Burke in his review of the book in The New Republic, April 25, 1934):

> I think the idea that there is a moral obligation on an artist to deal with "proletarian" material, or with any material on the basis of its bearing on proletarian fortune and destiny is an effort to return to a position that art has historically outgrown. But as far as proletarian interest marks a new direction of attention and involves observation of materials previously passed over, it will certainly call into activity persons who were not moved to expression by former materials, and will disclose and thus help break down boundaries of which they were not previously aware.

If you grant purpose and selection in art, you must recognize value judgments and fundamental criteria. But Dewey's uprooted philosophy of art blinds him to the systematic values and social forces which steer art currents. Marxists base their work for a proletarian art on the conviction that proletarian art represents the most significant form of social and esthetic perception today. Dewey's dragging in of the idea of "moral obligations" stems from his inability to see that esthetic theory involves esthetic direction (socially conditioned, of course).

It is a tribute, I suppose, to Dewey's consistency, that his political liberalism, his educational theories, his metaphysics, his esthetics, are all tantalizingly suggestive of a revolutionary outlook, while they finally manage to repose snugly in the arms of the *status quo*.

WALLACE PHELPS.

The Southern Middle Class Replies

CULTURE IN THE SOUTH, edited by W. T. Couch. University of North Carolina Press. $4.

HUMAN GEOGRAPHY OF THE SOUTH, by Rupert B. Vance. University of North Carolina Press. $4.

In 1930, in the volume *I'll Take My Stand,* the so-called agrarians of the South set down their social philosophy of return to the economic, social, and moral precepts of Bourbonism. The thirty-one essays on all phases of southern society, contained in *Culture in the South,* were written in direct, in some cases defiant, reply to the earlier volume. The chief interest of the book lies in the fact that it is one of the clearest expressions yet articulated by the Southern bourgeoisie, in all the contradictory aspects dictated by the peculiar class relationships in the South. The Southern middle-class is not only exposed to its natural enemy, but must also face those antagonistic groups created by the survivals of slavery. It therefore exhibits many conflicting tendencies.

A. E. Parkins, for example, advocates that the sorely-stricken planters return to "the self-sufficing basis so widely practised before the maelstrom of modern transportation sucked them into the currents of world commerce." He cannot mean the slave regime, for it was neither self-sufficing nor isolated from the world markets. He must have in mind the solution of Clarence Poe, who paints a future for the Southern farmer of a self-sustaining natural economy which existed in this country only during the earlier pioneer farming days and has long since been discarded by the developments of capitalism, only to be reincarnated by the Roosevelt "New Deal" in the form of "subsistence farming," and the fantastic natural-economy-manufacturing unit.

One can well agree with Clarence E. Cason that there is much in common between the bourgeois philistine of the South and the genteel planter of the Black Belt country, although he quite misses the point in his chapter on "Middle Class and Bourbon." To him Bourbonism is merely a cultural hangover of the slave system, which he finds much to his taste; in reality, bourbonism has an economic foundation in the South today, in the plantation system with its share-cropping and its whole top-structure of the oppression, degradation, and ostracism of the Negro. Behind Mr. Cason's boring verbiage there is projected an unholy fear and hatred for the "poor whites,"

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an expression of the class cleavage which is again beginning to split asunder southern white superiority.

On the other hand, George Sinclair Mitchell, in his chapter on "Labor Disputes and Organization," displays appreciation of the basic issues which face the labor movement in the South and a recognition of the service done by the Communists. "The loyalty of the Gastonia people, certainly for a few months, must balance any argument that the Communist propaganda is unpalatable to southern workers unforewarned," he declares, and he gives a rather friendly, if not at all times clear, presentation of the Communist solution—the right of self-determination for the Negro people in the Black Belt. Although Mr. Mitchell seems to have fallen, at least partly, under the spell of the "New Deal," he declares that for agriculture "the ultimate issue is between peasant proprietorship and collective farming." And Bruce Crawford does not mince words in his description of the conditions in the southern coal fields, nor in driving the lesson home that the coal miner has nothing to hope for from capitalism, although he presents no clear alternative to a picture of endless exploitation and exhaustion.

In any discussion on the South the Negro is always the key question. Not until recently has liberalism of the Nation or New Republic variety existed in the South. The impact of the Communists at Gastonia, in Harlan, and especially in the Scottsboro case and in the organization of the Negro share-croppers in Alabama, shaping into sharp relief the fundamental issues of southern society, has, among other things, effected a certain crystallization of liberal opinion among the southern middle-class. Thus, W. T. Couch, the editor of the volume, in his chapter on the Negro, declares that chattel slavery has been replaced by "another species of bondage." Mr. Couch gives no clear delineation of the origin and rôle of race prejudice, but he does present a sharp picture of both the legal and extra-legal persecution of the Negro. Lack of clear class analysis leaves the author with the empty formula that nothing can be done for either race until "cheapness and servility of labor has been utterly repudiated." At most, he has achieved a liberalism untainted by Bourbonism.

Other contributions concern themselves with culture in the South in its narrower conception: journalism, folklore, education, etc. It is significant that such a volume should emerge from the South, for it indicates the acute social crisis provoked by the undermining of southern economy, of the profound motion among the masses, and of the succinctness with which Communists have raised the issues that strike fire in the South.

The second volume under review is of special interest to the student of the South who wishes a well-documented and reliable description of its natural resources and economy. In this specialized regional study, the author seems to have forgotten that man no longer lives in direct contact with nature, that between man, the individual, and his "adequacy," there intervenes a social system which has its own laws of development, and which, in turn, sets the mold for "human adequacy." Mr. Vance favors a "folk renaissance for the South," led by a southern party—"not in politics," with a program as "all-embracing as the Victorian liberals."

JAMES S. ALLEN.

The Church and the Can-Can

ROBERT FORSYTHE

PERSONALLY I am in favor of sex. I want to get that on record and if the man comes to the door when I'm not home, I want you to tell him I'm heartily with him in the matter and will sign the petition. This is not a time for liberals. I don't want to hide behind any ontheonehand and ontheotherhand. The dispute has reached a point where men must stand up and be counted. On any other occasion I might say that sex is good in its place or that I am sick of Constance Bennett, but this is no time for half measures. The Great Opium War is being fought out between the Catholic Church and the little black brothers of Hollywood Boulevard and nothing but united front action on the part of all lusty ladies and gentlemen will keep Lupe Velez with us.

If you think I'm overestimating the situation, it is a sign that you have been paying more attention to Carnera and Baer than you have been to Variety and even to the great untrammeled American press which prints all the news that's fit to print and will the actresses arriving on the Europa please lift their skirts a little higher for the photographers. The battle has reached a point where the Archbishops of various Catholic dioceses are instructing their paying clients not only to boycott special obnoxious movies, but to boycott all movies until Hollywood cleans them up. In short, the ladies must get on their clothes and they must cease being so casual about their histrionic and personal morals.

Robert E. Sherwood once discussed the ladies who become our movie stars: "Imagine the plight of a Hollywood heroine, a not too complex cutie who has been boosted suddenly to a dizzy eminence and is rather puzzled by it all. She awakens in the night with the realization, 'At this moment I am being subjected to vicarious rape by countless hordes of Jugo-Slavs, Peruvians, Burmese, Abyssinians, Kurds, Latvians and Ku Klux Klansmen!' Is it any wonder that a girl in that predicament finds it difficult to lead a normal life, that her sense of balance is apt to be a bit erratic?"

I read these words when I was a younger man and I can still remember the shock they gave me. I had been going to motion pictures with my Uncle Herbert and it seemed to me that they were very artistic indeed. The pictures of the movie ladies in the movie magazines were a little nekkid, but my Uncle Herbert pointed out that this was a healthy thing because cleanliness was next to Godliness and the ladies were evidently just preparing to throw off their last garment and depart for the bath.

I am not surprised to find that the ladies are subjected to vicarious rape because vicarious rape is what the Zukors and Sheehans and Laskys and Laemmles are selling, and as a good American I will fight to the last breath to give the American business man the right to run his affairs as he sees fit. I will also fight to the last ditch to give the Catholic Church the right to control the motion picture policies of this country because the Catholic Church is a great and benevolent institution and I am sure that it will be an impartial force in determining what we may see during these air-cooled afternoons and nights.

And what are the good fathers complaining about? They protest against the inculcation of ideas which are subversive to family, state, God and morality, and I am with the holy fathers 100%, although I hope they will let us have just a pinch of sex on an odd Thursday evening. If we might have it in a great religious spectacle by Cecil de Mille, it will be a beautiful thing and I will be mollified. After all, I am for sex and I do not want to go back on my principles.

But I can see the Church's idea and I am for it. I am for the old virtues and I have just seen a picture which I know will make the holy fathers very happy. It is a moral picture with no sex allure and no derogation of the family, although the father is a drunken fellow and comes to a bad end early. It is a beautiful film of mother love and sacrifice and it is called *Mother*. It was written by a man named Gorky and directed by a man named Pudovkin and I am sure that Cardinal Hayes will be glad to endorse it when he hears about it.

This is a Russian film and ordinarily I have no use for Russian films because they are not

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based on human nature and I am very fond of films which are based on human nature. I also like Marlene Dietrich. I think the best way to show the difference between Russian films and American films is to tell what happened to Anna Sten, who used to be in Russian films which had no idea of human nature and what she did there was just act, which is very stupid indeed. In Hollywood she became a very great star and many people were made happy thereby, because she did the can-can in a very artistic manner. I think I may say without exaggeration that it was the best can-can ever done in Hollywood, but it occurs to me that I had probably better not say it because the Catholic fathers have never been known to be amused by the can-can, artistic as it may be.

It occurs to me further that I am getting a little balled up because I love sex and I also love the Catholic Church and even if you are in your right mind, I am becoming confused. There have been those who have gone so far as to accuse the Catholic Church of wanting to control the theatre in New York, but I know this can't be true because nothing was ever done to the Irving Place Burlesque Theatre which is owned by former District Attorney Crain's family and it is a very artistic theatre indeed and I am sure that no man who belonged to Tammany Hall would have anything to do with a theatre which was subversive to family, state, God or general morality.

About all I can think of is that there will have to be a compromise. If the holy fathers do not like sex, Hollywood will have to give up sex. I have just discussed this matter with my Uncle Herbert and he has said several strange things.

The first thing he said was this: "You say the way to cure Hollywood is to eliminate sex. I will give you a corollary to that. The way to cure Anti-Semitism is to eliminate the Jews."

The second thing he said was this: "Hollywood without sex would be like the six day bike race with wheelbarrows."

I take this to mean that Uncle Herbert thinks the Catholic Church is right and I am still confused because I am in favor of sex and human nature and I certainly would not like to have anything happen that would stop either one.

A Dry Martini with Cyanide

IRVING LERNER

THEY ARE great opportunists, these Independent film producers-distributors. Since the depression they have been so avid for a little easy cash, that they have gone about "exposing" everything from the World War to the Great American Revolution: *The Next War, Hell's Holiday, Forgotten Men, The Cry of the World, This Is America,* etc., etc.

The World in Revolt is a product of the vilest sort of opportunism, representing a united front of Mentone, producer, Emil Lengyel, author of the commentary, and Graham McNamee, Papa Laemmle's Universal Talking Newsreel Reporter, favorite stooge of Ed Wynn and notoriously inaccurate radio sports commentator.

The advertisements for this *World in Revolt* are significant: SEE HUNDREDS KILLED BEFORE YOUR EYES AND ONE THOUSAND OTHER THRILLS. CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT PERMITTED TO VIEW IT OWING TO THE SENSATIONAL AND BRUTAL KILLINGS, etc. Workers' struggles everywhere are paraded before you, accompanied by the most obnoxious jabbering that has ever come from the screen. McNamee, as narrator for the World-Telegram-Universal Newsreel, has called American workers on strike "rioters" and "bums"; labeled the courageous fighters in the Chinese Red Army, "bandits." At the beginning of *The World in Revolt* he tells us: "It was a glorious world! [1914]. The churches of Holy Russia radiated quietude and peace . . . This was a good world, happier than any man had ever seen."

This film pretends to retell the history of revolt since the World War, devoting the greater part to Russia. And by far the largest part of the Russian section is devoted to the World War days; a little to the revolution, more to the famine, almost nothing to contemporary Russia, the U. S. S. R.

Regarding Austria we are advised: "Socialist Vienna, spotless, honestly governed, anxious to reveal its new spirit" . . . was . . . "a living declaration of the rights of youth. . . " Dollfuss is pictured as the saviour of Austria.

The troubles in Cuba are blamed on "Sugar and revolution . . . What strange bed-fellows! History clearly proves that sugar has fostered a powerful and continuous revolutionary upheaval on the unfortunate island of Cuba."

Mussolini is the saviour of Italy! . . . and nothing has happened in Ireland before or after the election of de Valera, in 1932.

As for India, "The younger generation is not content with passive measures. It has learned Western ways . . . violence . . . more violence." The Indian section is a crazy-quilt of deliberate vicious lies. At one point the picture shows workers being brutally beaten

Next Week

in the NEW MASSES

JOHN L. SPIVAK
Something to Eat

•

EDWARD DAHLBERG
Swastika Tombstone
A Short Story

•

HAROLD WARD
Japan Rides the Tiger

48-PAGE QUARTERLY — JULY THIRD ISSUE

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by clubs during a political demonstration, whereupon McNamee calmly announces that the residents are "greeting Gandhi." Throughout the film the commentary shamelessly falsifies the actual scenes.

As for the Germany of 1917, it "was now a republic. No longer did the head of the state wear a uniform. He was a socialist, Friedrich Ebert . . . For Germany this was a new deal, a bloodless revolution . . ." Then *"The Hitlerites and the Communists combined late in 1932 to overthrow von Papen."* The rôle of the Communist Party is, of course, deliberately falsified. And no one has been hurt by Hitler—just put into concentration camps! The burning of the books was due to unwillingness of students to study!

China is shown in revolt. And if you will believe this film only one province has turned Communist—and it was defeated! Scenes of the Japanese bombardment of Chapei are switched into being a sort of free for all among various sectors of the Chinese population.

But the prize reel of the film is the last one. Stuck on in the name of Roosevelt, and the New Deal:

> And what about America? We, too, were affected. . . . Yes—what about America? Her revolt is against depression—for a new deal in work and leisure! New life is stirring in the factories, the long winter slumber is over. . . . America is building—building—building, new highways, super-highways—improved airplanes —streamlined trains. . . . The N.R.A. has gripped the imagination, and the Blue Eagle triumphs! Work—work—work. A million people have been put to work—another million—many more millions—this is our revolution! The new leisure is on its way—Shorter working week—more time for rest and pleasure. . . . The fundamental principles of our forefathers are being restated: Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. The President declared, "We do not distrust the future of essential democracy." The people of the United States HAVE NOT FAILED. [The waving flag, in the best wartime spirit, fills the screen.]

The main drive of the film coincides with the policy of world capitalism today. It is a vicious attempt to discredit workingclass struggles for better conditions, against the offensive of Fascism, and for liberation of the Colonial peoples. It is this aspect of the film that is most dangerous—for without explaining that police brutality, military attacks, Fascist terror are the *active propagators of violence, The World in Revolt* places the blame on the victims of capitalist violence, the workers. In this way, for instance, the implication is ever present that the bloody Toledos, Minneapolis', Ambridges, Birminghams of the world are the fault of the workers.

If Robert Forsythe calls *Little Man, What Now,* "chocolate soda," then *The World in Revolt* is a dry martini with a heavy shot of cyanide. An effective antidote is the showing of films made by the Film and Photo League and other workers' films. Only two years ago the League had the honor of presenting Esther Shub's Soviet compilation *Cannons or Tractors* to 8,000 workers in New York alone. Another such compilation could be made of Film and Photo League newsreels. And neither would need any commentator. Its effectiveness would depend upon the proper selection of shots and their truthful and precise juxtaposition. The most effective antidote, in the field of movies, however, is the widest exposure of the poisonous deception in *The World in Revolt*—an energetic campaign of exposure to block the continued spreading of this camouflaged cyanide.

In this connection it is worth noting that Joris Ivens, the young Dutch director who has been working in the Soviet Union, has just completed a film that he made in Parisian film libraries. It is called *New Earth.* The first reel shows broad white buildings and big skies. People are thrown out of work from these broad white buildings. They suffer and starve under these same big skies. The film widens and widens, relating all of this to Chiang Kai-Shek in China, to the barricades in Paris, to lynching in America, to Germany, to India, to the five-sixths of the world outside the U.S.S.R.

Between Ourselves

JOHN MULLEN, an organizer of the Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union, was actively engaged in steel strikes in the Pittsburgh district.

Louise Preece, correspondent of THE NEW MASSES, is investigating the conditions among the transients and unemployed in Texas.

Sidney Hill has just returned from the U. S. S. R., where he was awarded a prize in the International Soviet Palace competition conducted in 1932.

The article by Joshua Kunitz in the current issue is the second of a series which traces the course of Soviet Literature up to the present time. His next two articles will discuss the R. A. P. P. (Russian Association of Proletarian Writers)—that period of Soviet literature which has wrung so many unnecessary tears from so many unnecessary writers.

The second quarterly issue of THE NEW MASSES will appear July 3. Among the special features of this 48-page issue are the following:

Ilya Ehrenbourg's picture of the February Civil War in Austria. Marian Greenwood has made the illustrations for this masterly report.

A symposium on Marxist criticism in which many outstanding writers will have a chance to criticize their critics. Contributors to this symposium include Robert Cantwell, Edward Dahlberg, Josephine Herbst, Virgin Geddes, Erskine Caldwell, Albert Halper, Henry Hart, Lauren Gilfillan, Tess Slesinger, Vardis Fisher, James T. Farrell, Arnold Armstrong, and others.

Edwin Berry Burgum, of New York University, contributes an essay, *Three Radical Poets,* which we believe to be the first serious study of Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, and C. Day Lewis to be published in America. Additional critical comment on these poets will supplement the essay.

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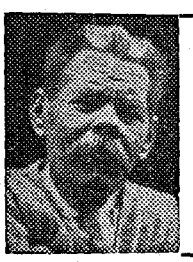

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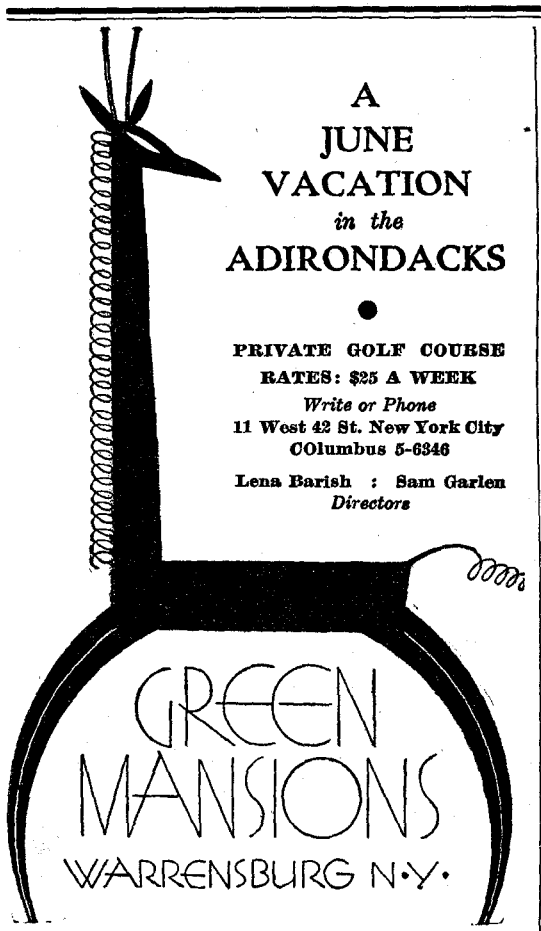

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